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Pro-Slavery.

AGITATION IN GEORGIA.

SKETCH OF THE DEBATE IN THE GEORGIA HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, ON THE KANSAS AID BILL.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Feb. 11, 1856.

Mr. CROOK, of Chattooga, introduced, some time since, a bill to aid in settling the Territory of Kansas, by appropriations from the Treasury of Georgia. The bill is as follows:

A Bill entitled an Act to promote the Settlement of the Territories of the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Georgia, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that whenever any citizen of this State shall have collected together a company of the citizens of the State wishing to emigrate to the Territory of Kansas, but are unable to do so for the want of means, upon the facts being made known to the Governor, and when the leader of said company shall have given bond, payable to the State, with such an amount and surety as the Governor shall approve, conditioned to expend the money advanced thereon in transporting, subsisting and outfitting such destitute emigrants, and also conditioned within twelve months thereafter to transport one hundred emigrants to Kansas, then the Governor shall issue his warrant in favour of the principal obligor in said bond, upon the Treasury of this State for a sum equal to fifty dollars per head of such destitute emigrants. Provided, that the sum expended under this act shall not exceed 50,000 dollars; and provided further, that the amount so expended shall be reimbursed to the Treasury of the State by a special tax on slaves; and any money in the Treasury, not otherwise appropriated, is hereby appropriated to the purposes aforesaid.

Mr. CROOK called up the bill, this morning, on its third reading, and thereupon made a few introductory remarks.

Mr. JONES, of Muscogee, moved to strike from the bill the feature which imposes a special tax on slaves, and sustained his motion with some remarks upon the pernicious influences of this speciality of the bill, which he considered as necessarily calculated to awaken jealousies and hostilities between the white and slave labour, and as the inception, at least, of a series of Kansas troubles in Georgia. Also, he was opposed to such class legislation.

Mr. CROOK warmly disclaimed any desire either to create such hostilities or to legislate for classes. His reasons for inserting the words "on slaves" were not to throw the burden of the tax on the slaveowners of Georgia, neither to shift the responsibility upon them, but to give them the privilege, as it was their right (they being more directly attacked), to repel the assault. He thought they would prefer this course. But again, by making the tax assessable on slave property, the mouths of Northern Abolitionists would be stopped. They could not say to the white labour of the South, "see how you are taxed to support slave labour. You pay as much as the slaveholder," &c. All such insidious appeals are made futile by this feature of the bill, and a cause of possible discontent is avoided.

The motion to strike out was then put and carried.

Mr. IRVIN, of Wilkes, next suggested that, as the appropriation was gratuity—a simple donation—it would require a two-thirds vote, the yeas and nays being taken also to pass the bill. While he was up, he would take occasion to protest against the whole procedure as unwise and impolitic. Georgia and the South had endorsed the great principle of non-intervention; and it was not our business to interfere in the domestic affairs of a distant Territory.

At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. LEWIS, of Hancock, offered a substitute, authorizing the Government to raise one million of dollars by the sale of State bonds, and the amount thus raised to be invested in Kansas lands; to effect which a Commissioner shall be appointed (under bonds) to proceed to Kansas and make the purchase.

Sec. 2 provides for the call of a Convention in the event that Kansas should be refused admission as a slave State; which Convention should decide what mode of resistance shall be adopted by Georgia.

The substitute was then put and lost.

Mr. CROOK next took the floor, in advocacy of the bill, urging, at great length, and with much plausibility, the necessity for action in this vitally momentous question. His enunciation was rapid. The speech may be briefly characterized as a stirring appeal, sometimes pathetic, sometimes patriotic and not a little "inflammatory." Its leading ideas were that the golden moment for securing Kansas was now at hand; that the apple was ripe, inviting the hand to pluck it, and that it would be the maddest infatuation to neglect so glorious an opportunity to secure for the South a splendid Territory. The Abolition and Free Soil hordes came in for a full share of their dues, and the speech concluded with the stirring poetic peroration—

"Strike! for your altars and your fires!
Strike for the green graves of your sires!"

Mr. JONES, of Muscogee, demurred to the position taken by the gentleman from Wilkes, that the appropriation contemplated by the bill was a donation. A donation was a gift—no "value received" was had for a donation. But if it was to the interest of Georgia to perpetuate and extend the institution of slavery, this was no donation, for it was to accomplish this, or to aid in its accomplishment, that the money was to be appropriated. He presumed it was hardly necessary to demonstrate that it was clearly to our interest to perpetuate and propagate slavery, or that the admission of Kansas as a free State into this Union was fatal to the best interests and weal of the South. As to non-intervention, there is no such principle recognised at the North: Emigrant Aid Societies have been formed there by scores. Their acts have been legalized by legislative enactment—a poor subterfuge. "Sir, I am not for skulking behind primary assemblies and doing there what I should not do here. What they do, legislators may do; and what is wrong for them is wrong for us. Therefore, sir, I am for direct 'legislative emigrant aid.' Sir, this bill should pass, as a measure of safety and defence; and we have as much right to levy a tax for our protection in this instance as if we were repelling an invading army. I am told that we have declared and endorsed the 'great principle of non-intervention.' I admit it. But non-intervention on the part of whom? Why, Congress, of course. We say to Congress, you shall not interfere in the settlement of the Territories, or in establishing their forms of government. And why do we say this? Because Congress is our creature, and has no power beyond what we delegate to it. We, the States, made it, gave it breath, life; and we have expressly denied to it the power of interference. But, sir, the doctrine of non-intervention has never reached a free, independent and sovereign State. We, the States, have a right to interfere by money, by the press, by public harangues and other similar means, in order to perpetuate and extend the institution of slavery; and I hold that Massachusetts and the other Free Soil States have the same right. They have the right, as we have, to organize Emigrant Aid Societies, and we have the right to repel force with force. But to Congress intervention is denied. Again, sir, I take the broad position that the existence of slavery and the existence of this Union are intimately associated. When the one falls, the other follows it. Domestic slavery, as it exists in the South, is a conservative and preservative element. Behold the Free Soil States! How rapidly are they verging on anarchy and despotism. Look at the organization of society there, and the 'isms,' monstrous and insane, which prevail throughout the length and breadth of that land! Their educated men are fanatics—their ignorant, the fanatics' tools. No such scenes meet us at the South as shock the eye in that land of 'isms' and of wild disorder. Sir, I believe African slavery to be essential to the preservation of republican principles. I believe in propagandism, and, could I do so constitutionally, I would plant the 'black flag,' as it is derisively called, in the heart of Free-Soildom. All history demonstrates that slavery has always existed. If white men have not black slaves, they will have white ones. We of the South have blacks—the North has her whites. Let the world judge which of the institutions works best. Sir, they are not to be compared with each other. While we are happy, prosperous and tranquil, the North is heaving with the throes of discontent, and trembles upon the brink of ruin. And if, sir, this Union be soon dissolved, as surely it will, unless some miracle, not now discernible, should avert it, the black flag will float over the heart of New York city itself, and be hailed as a welcome salvation from anarchy and despotism. If, then, sir, in conclusion, it be wise, if it be necessary, to enter on this work of safety and defence, who may more properly lead off than we of Georgia? She is rich, prosperous, powerful. She has led her Southern sisters in that great line of Southern policy which shall yet be the policy of the American Republic. She has right on her side; her people are willing; and I say, sir, let this bill pass, and Georgia lead the van."

Mr. WARD, of Butts—Mr. Speaker, I am opposed to this bill, because I am the friend of Kansas. I do not think the policy here advocated to be wise. A better plan to effect our common wants in this matter is to form Emigrant Societies in every County. It is not very long since a fellow-countyman of mine returned from Kansas. He addressed the people of Butts and the adjoining Counties, and, sir, he has recently returned to Kansas with seventy emigrants. He had no difficulty in getting all the funds and all the aid he desired. This, sir, is the proper plan by which to raise men and means; and, my word for it, if you adopt it, you will have more money than men. Leave the question to the generous impulses and the true Southern feelings of our people, and there will not fail to be a response. But, sir, another consideration: We were told, a few evenings since, by the gentleman from Kansas, who lectured in this hall, that out of 89 men who were transported to Kansas from Tennessee, 80 proved false, and voted against the South; and of nine men from the County of Gordon, in this State, eight proved false. Sir, what guarantee have you that when this money is appropriated, there will be none of the same sort, base enough to become its beneficiaries? By a system of County Societies, you can always learn whether your men are true; and prevent enemies from being smuggled in. Lastly, sir, let this bill pass, and aid to Kansas will have reached its climax. Men, willing enough to respond to an appeal as Southerners, will, if taxed, content themselves with paying the tax, and then close their purses. As a friend, sir, to Kansas, I shall vote against this bill.

Mr. THORNTON, of Muscogee—Mr. Speaker, I am a friend, sir, to Kansas, and have probably done as much in aid of her as any gentleman on this floor. I am a member of an Aid Society, and have contributed my mite, both of money and influence, to assist it. But, sir, I cannot go so far as my colleague, in thinking such Societies to be founded in right, either of morals or equity. I do not admit that Massachusetts has a right to flood the Territory of Kansas with her paupers and her incendiaries. If a right, 'tis like the right the mule has to kick one over. I joined the Society on the principle that we should fight the devil with fire. Massachusetts first commenced the fight, and we have the right, on the principle above alluded to, to keep it up. Nevertheless, I consider these Societies as wrong, as subversive of the great principles which underlie our Republic; at war with the spirit of our Government. These Societies should have been everywhere discouraged and discountenanced. But the North has set them on foot. The devil must be fought with fire. But, sir, there is a wide difference between individual enterprises and those set on foot and achieved by sovereign States. Suppose Massachusetts, by the millions in her treasury, should colonize a Territory, and in due time bring it forward for admission into the Union, as an Abolition member of this Confederacy. As the matter now stands, I could, and would, shoulder my musket to prevent such an outrage. But, sir, pass this bill—let Georgia, in her sovereign capacity, pass this bill, and then tell me with what propriety, with what face, could we ever protest, much less fight, against it? We would have set the precedent. Our mouths would be stopped—our resistance at an end. If Massachusetts, then, as a State, has no right to force her institutions into the Territories of the United States, neither has Georgia a right to force hers. The Territories belong not to the North or the South; they are not theirs, they are not ours; they belong to us both. What is Georgia's position, as laid down in her platform of 1850? The great idea of that platform is non-intervention; and if there be intervention, it shall be followed by disruption. Never was it dreamed that the Georgia platform would be necessary to keep her from "laying on violent hands."

Then, sir, shall we—shall we, as Georgians—the makers and builders of that noble structure, strong enough and broad enough to bear up the American Union, and upon which fifteen States already stand shoulder to shoulder—shall we, I say, the builders of that noble structure, be the first to raze it, and level it with the earth? Sir, I trust not. Let Georgia pass this bill, and her proud position will be lost; her prestige gone. Georgia, now in the van, will have to retire to the rear, and what a position will be hers! It were shame enough for her to retreat from her position; but how much deeper her shame were she to be the first to violate that solemn pledge she has given, and by which she now stands. Sir, I am opposed to this whole proceeding, I protest against it; and I trust, for the honour of our State, this bill will not pass.

Mr. CROOK—Mr. Speaker, it is idle to talk about meeting this great question by private efforts. I hold in my hand a letter from Col. LOMAX, of Columbus, the Secretary of the "Muscogee Emigrant Aid Society." He says, "Pass your bill if you can; if not, all is lost. In this rich, intelligent Southern city, we have been able to raise but $950." Now, sir, I hold it idle to talk longer of appeals to the people. In reply to the gentleman from Muscogee, who dwelt so long upon non-intervention, I would say that he would be right but for one thing. There has already been intervention. Shall we meet it with intervention? The original settlers of Kansas were pro-slavery men. Efforts are making to change the institutions under which they have so long lived, and which they prefer. Already, by foul means, has a Territorial Government been established, which those people, the original settlers, despise and abhor. Massachusetts is daily pouring her legions into Kansas. Intervention has already commenced. Aye, sir, the hordes of Abolitionists have already laid their unholy hands upon the sacred pillars of the Georgia platform. They tremble 'neath their sacrilegious touch. But strange to say, those who stand upon the structure feel no trembling of its solid foundations—the sentinel gives no alarm. I hold, sir, that the time has come, and now is, for this promised and pledged resistance. The time for talk has past. "Action" must be now our watchword. Let Georgia then pass this bill. Fourteen sister States will follow her example, and, ere many days, near a million of dollars will be raised for the defence of Southern right, and our homes and firesides.

Mr. HARRIS, of Fulton—Mr. Speaker, I admire and endorse the sentiments of the gentleman who has just taken his seat, but not his judgment. No man can speak so feelingly as he has done for the rights of the South, without eliciting my admiration and my gratitude. But, sir, I materially differ with him in his policy, while I honour his intentions. Sir, what is the sum and substance of the demand made upon Georgia by this bill? Simply, that she shall embark in a grand crusade, to force her institutions into Territories, the common property of all the States. Disguise it as you may, you make the State of Georgia a grand colonization society. I am not opposed to private associations of capital, or intellect, or physical enterprise and energy, to perpetuate the institutions of the South. But, sir, I consider the principles of this bill as pernicious in their consequences, and violative of all conservatism. I admit, sir, that we have fallen upon troublous times, but let us be calm, and be ready to trim our sails, though we shall have to do so amid the crash of thunders, and by the lightning's glare. I want no Buncombe speeches—no clap-trap harangues. Let us put this question to its proper test. Let us apply to it the cold, stern and rigid logic of statesmanship. What does this bill propose to do? Look at its caption. It proposes to promote the settlement of the Territories of the United States. I call upon the gray-haired veterans upon this floor if they know of any such precedent in the history of our State. Sir, it cannot be found. "To promote the settlement of the Territories!" And by whom? The State of Georgia, in her sovereign capacity! It is proposed, under the broad seal of Georgia, to embark the State in colonization. But, sir, I ask, is it wise, is it politic, is it prudent, admitting it were not wrong, to ship from the State of Georgia, by extraordinary means, those arms and hearts upon which she now relies? The brains, the muscles, the hearts of her sons, are her property. They are the bulwarks and the ramparts, behind which our wives, our daughters, and our children sleep in peace and tranquillity. Those, our defenders, are proposed to be sent from our borders. But I ask gentlemen upon this floor if it is their policy to adopt such a system of depopulation. It will be urged before this House that the bill has a peculiar merit—that it proposes to send to Kansas the poor and destitute, who may there find homes and fortunes. Sir, this is no argument with me. Why ship off the destitute—why them? Are we not able to support them? Let the records of the State attest that Georgia careth for her poor. Are gentlemen afraid to trust them? For one, I doubt not their devotion—I fear not to rely upon them in the day of trial. But, sir, I would ask, what special reasons have they to maintain the institution of slavery in Kansas? I know, sir, that I approach delicate ground; but I fear not to take it, conscious, as I am, of the truth of my position. I hold it, sir, to be philosophically true, that the system of slave labour is antagonistic to the system of free labour, in the organization of Territories; and that in proportion as you increase the number of labourers, you diminish their wages. Apply these truths to the present case, and the conclusions are plain to every man, viz.: that he who owns no slaves in Kansas has (nothing to the contrary being shown) two reasons for opposition to their introduction there; and those of our destitute who are sent there are very accessible to these two reasons. I expect nothing else than to have my position misrepresented. I anticipate the charge that I have cast imputations on the poor man. But I here expressly disclaim it. My constituents would not believe such a charge were this House to make it, for they know me, and know that I have ever been the poor man's friend. (Mr. Harris here alluded to the statement of Mr. White, of Kansas, in reference to the defection of Georgia and Tennessee emigrants. He said he gave it as it was given to him. He had heard the charge with great mortification; but if it were true that Southern men had proved traitors, it was right that it should be known. The same gentleman had stated that the Constitution of the United States was not regarded in Kansas, &c.; and then continued.) To use the expressive language of the lecturer, Mr. Speaker, the Constitution, that great charter of our rights and palladium of our liberties, is "jumped over in Kansas." Now, Mr. Speaker, what does this bill call upon Georgia to do? To enter, sir, into a contest with Massachusetts, who is emptying her poorhouses of native and foreign paupers into Kansas. Can we maintain such a contest? Should we stoop to it? Is it wise policy to do so? I hold not. She (Massachusetts) rids herself, by her societies and her other machinery, of a cankering sore, which is preying upon her vitals. But we, by the adoption of this policy, send away our bone and sinew—poor men, it may be, but men whose hearts are honest—men as true as steel—men on whom we may depend in the troublous times which loom up before us. Gentlemen have alluded to a coming crisis. They tell us that clouds are rising, and the horizon's verge is shrouded in darkness. Sir, it is a melancholy truth. The Union is in danger, and it begins to shudder and tremble with the coming peril. Is this time, the time for depopulating Georgia? No, sir, no! Let us keep our men here. If they need sustenance, wrench from their hinges your treasury doors, and let the tide flow out. If they need labour, embark in that great system of internal improvements which has been urged upon you. But I, for one, will never, never vote money from the treasury of Georgia to depopulate herself. If our destitute "must needs go to Samaria"—if they sigh for the broad fields and fertile lands of Kansas—I am willing to aid them from my private purse, so far as I am able. But I shall never approve this bill—a bill which is neither more nor less than the offer of a bribe to our citizens to abandon the graves of their fathers, and the homes of their childhood. Pass it, and tell me how you can justly raise your hand or your voice against Massachusetts, should she adopt the same policy and outstrip you. Sir, this bill once passed, and Georgia would be dumb, and covered with shame. Sir, it does not become me to approach the vestibule of that temple where lie enshrined the immortal ashes of the great Calhoun; yet, pilgrim-like, I may stand afar off and gaze upon the monument that towers over him. The South is now beginning to learn his worth. He talked to you of concurrent majorities to obviate and counterbalance majorities numerical; but you laughed him to scorn. Now you propose, by violating and outraging that comity which should prevail between State and State, to accomplish what he would have accomplished by an equitable adjustment of powers. Sir, dissect the proceedings of your National Congress up to a very recent period. What do they show? They tell you that the American Union totters to its fall. Who is there here that, like Samson in his blind dotage, would embrace the columns of that glorious fabric, and at one blow precipitate its fall? Sir, the shadow rapidly advances on the dial—the clouds approach the zenith and threaten to overwhelm us. Our policy should be to strengthen ourselves—to build up our literary institutions, our manufactures, and our internal improvements. And, but a few days since, I urged this course upon this House; but the vast considerations before you then were trampled under foot like pearls before swine. Yet now a proposition is before you to send from your borders the very bulwarks and ramparts of your State. Sir, the times are gloomy. Empires and kingdoms and principalities seem about to part in sunder, and the universal heart of man trembles for fear.

How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we shall be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages—
While the graves of empires heave
But as a passing wave.

Let us be calm and prudent—wise as a "serpent, but gentle as a dove!"

Mr. SMITH, of Union—I had little expected, Mr. Speaker, to hear an anti-Kansas speech on the floor of this House; but it seems that the gentleman from Fulton is opposed even to sending a single man to the Territory of Kansas. He argues that Georgia has need of all her sons, and that this bill will depopulate her! He is opposed to emigration. Sir, if this doctrine be true now, it should have been true years and years ago; and suppose it had been followed then? Where would now be our Texas, our great and glorious South-West? But, sir, the doctrine of anti-emigration was not believed then; it is as false now. Our fathers saw the broad lands, the waving prairies and the splendid territories which stretch out towards the Pacific. They saw—they went thither—they conquered and made them their own. I, sir, am in favour of this bill. I am not in favour of letting Kansas go by default. It is a pearl of great price. It is ours if we will. I will. Our true policy is to send our men to Kansas, and let them settle that Territory, as we have settled others that are now ours. But, sir, I wish again to express my surprise at an avowal of the gentleman from Fulton—namely, that slave labour is antagonistic to free labour. Is not this the very argument of the Abolitionists of the North? If slave labour be antagonistic to white labour, and if it be the duty of our State to protect and promote the interest of her citizens, then it becomes the duty of Georgia to abolish slavery.

Mr. HARRIS (by Mr. Smith's permission)—Didn't you understand the gentleman from Kansas (Mr. White) to say, a few evenings since, that a large proportion of the emigrants from Tennessee, and some from Gordon County, Ga., had voted against slavery after their arrival in Kansas?

Mr. SMITH—I did, and I reply, that no man heard the announcement with more mortification than I. But I ask the gentleman if he means to use this in argument? Does he mean to say that eighty out of every eighty-nine emigrants from the South to Kansas will prove traitors to the land of their birth? If they were traitors, I have no censure to cast upon the gentleman who so proclaimed them. At the same time, I deny the allegation that 80-90ths of the Southern people are traitors. I think such a charge a libel and a calumny on the South. But to return to the point of slave labour versus free labour. How is it in England? Labourers there earn from $6 to $8 per month; or, to come nearer home, in the State of New York white labour is paid for at a rate far less than it commands in the slave States of the South.

Mr. HARRIS—The gentleman misunderstands my position. I meant to have said, whether I did or not, that slave labour was antagonistic to free labour in new Territories, and that slave labour could only be profitable where it could be continuously employed.

Mr. SMITH—If the gentleman means to intimate that slave labour is not profitable in Kansas, he is mistaken. Hemp hands earn vastly more there than the cotton hands of the South; and I trust we shall not give up that magnificent Territory through a false idea that slave labour is not profitable there. But, sir, it has been said that this bill proposes a crusade. I dissent. It proposes to meet force with force. I, for one, am willing to meet the hired hordes of Vandals and Goths that threaten the Territory of Kansas. I shall vote for this bill; and if my County should object to her share of the tax, I will bear it myself—pay it out of my own pocket. Lastly, sir, I maintain that it is our duty to sustain the gallant State of Missouri; she is not fighting her own battles, but the battles of the South and her institutions. Men can be found to go to Cuba; men were found to aid Texas. Shall we of the South behold a sister State bravely contending for our rights, and suffer her to stand in the breach and breast the waves alone, unaided and unheard.

The bill was then put and lost, by a vote of 63 to 43.

Selections.

THE SLAVE-MOTHER OF CINCINNATI.

WE stood once by night on the quays of a noble city of Eastern Europe, desolated and trodden down by oppressive tyranny. The moonlight glimmered on long lines of grand buildings overlooking the Danube, almost emptied of their treasures. The streets were still, except under the tread of the Austrian sentinels. We had heard that day of old men consigned to solitary dungeons, merely for speaking for their country; of maidens imprisoned, of boys sentenced to the guard-house, only for wearing the insignia of national independence. Those who had seen had told us of the brave who had gone to the scaffold with a smile, because they were choosing between liberty and servitude; and we remembered the exiles who, in every land, were showing what there is in manhood, when Tyranny would seek to bend it. The nobleness of LIBERTY rose before the mind. It seemed, in the words of the great Hungarian, "easy to do anything for her, and only sweet to suffer for her sake." We felt that the luxuries of imperial treasures, that peaceful honours, yea, that home and country, friendship and affection, and love itself, were as trifles and gewgaws, when to balance them was offered slavery. Liberty seemed the very atmosphere of the soul, poured out from God himself. To spread this among men seemed something worthy of living for, and for which one would cheerily die. In the depths of the heart, a vow arose to devote one's self to universal liberty for all creeds and colours and races. And if ever heart-felt prayers and tears could call down comfort and restoration to the wronged and the oppressed, they would that night for the unfortunate people of Hungary.

And yet what wrong in the monstrous crimes of Austria to Hungary, what bloody act of remorseless tyranny, what relentless oppression upon the crushed Hungarians, was like the acts which occur daily in America, under our Fugitive Slave Law, and which this fearful event at Cincinnati only reveals? And what deed of noble heroism ringing through the world, what proud action, showing that the brave man tramples on life as on a dishonoured burden when the oppressor would clutch at his liberties, is like this stern deed of the poor ignorant black woman, done among her enemies in a dark corner of the land? Think of it! The slave-mother, with her children, after long tasting of the cup of servitude, at length flees desperately away to a free State; she is hunted; her den of refuge is found and surrounded; she is liable to be caught, and, perhaps with a slight punishment, to be held in those pleasant patriarchal relations of which we hear so much from Southern apologists. She belongs to a race remarkable for its affectionate and kindly disposition; she herself is described as a woman "of gentle and amiable expression of countenance." What does she do? She takes on her knee the young girl-babe. The poor black creature has a mother's heart. That wee face, the cunning hands, the sweet smile, the crowing, the embrace, have endeared her to the negro woman as they do to the white woman—perhaps even more. She had probably dreamed, too, of the future—of the days when the comely daughter should hold up and honour the aged mother. The slavehunters are thundering at the door! She must choose for the innocent girl. On the one side, Slavery—its nameless wrongs eating into the soul—its heart-agonies—its degradation—its unrewarded toil—its prostitution and shame; on the other, *Liberty!* She chose as the noble of all ages have chosen—as you, reader, would choose for your babe! She draws the sharp knife across the infant's throat! She seizes another child for the same end—she gashes and stabs the child of her own womb! She hopes, as we hear in the evidence, "to kill them and then to kill herself." It is not frenzy, though done in an inspiration; it is the noblest instinct. She is arrested in the act, and now, as all know, is on trial in Cincinnati for her freedom, while claimed as a criminal for murder by the State authorities. An important question arises between the State and Federal powers; but for this, now, we do not care. This fearful event speaks to the civilized world of far more important things. That mother's hand, dripping with the life-blood of her babe; those low voices saying in the prison cell, "We will walk singing to the gallows, rather than go back to slavery," tell all base apologists and all selfish supporters what American slavery is. They say, in tones which shall thrill every heart where this fearful story goes, "The Negro is a MAN!—Liberty is to him as sweet as to us. He takes death before servitude!"

Oh, what a concentration of bitterness, what years of unknown and unseen agonies of heart, of tears, and groans, and sighs, which GOD alone had beheld, does such a deed as this by the kind slave-mother make manifest!

And now we are to present to the world the disgraceful spectacle of a United States officer seeking to execute a law so barbarous that, to escape from it, the opposing counsel is glad to convict his clients of murder of their own children! A law claimed to be based on the Constitution of American Liberty, which leads to infanticide, and whose legitimate results are considered by its victims as incomparably worse than death on the gallows! But on this, words are useless. After such an event, one is ashamed of his country. We walk about as if it were a disgrace to be an American! We seem to be in sackcloth, and with bitter tears, and yet with faith, we pray, "*How long, O Lord! how long!*"—*C. L. Brace, in The Independent.*

SLAVEHOLDERS AND SLAVE-TRADERS IN THE NORTHERN METHODIST CHURCH.

From The Northern Christian Advocate.

NICHOLAS C. H., Va., Jan. 11, 1856.

MR. EDITOR: Being at the Post-Office a few evenings since, I got hold of your paper of the 2d Jan., and, in looking over the last page, saw, to my great surprise, the following from the pen of Dr. Durbin: "A few months ago, I asked one of the oldest and most respectable members of the Church in Baltimore whether many of our people held slaves there? and, to my surprise, he replied he did not know of one. But he added, he supposed there were such, but they were very few. In Western Virginia Conference, I asked the brethren who had the best opportunity of knowing, what portion of our people in their Conference were slaveholders, and *they* (the italics are mine) replied, not five, if, indeed, two, in a hundred. In Kentucky, the case is equally favourable to freedom. I inquired of a brother occupying the best place of observation, whether there were many slaveholders in our Church, in the Missouri Conference, and he replied, 'From inquiry, I suppose there may be thirty, certainly not fifty.' Do not these results show that we are doing something? Do they not constitute a living, practical protest in the slave States against slavery? So it is well understood there."

Now, I wish to say, in the first place, I know nothing of the *age* or *respectability* of his Baltimore informant, but the *facts* in the case will tend greatly to lessen the *respect* which the Dr. would have his readers attach to his information. He must certainly reside in some *lone* and *drear* corner of the "glorious Old Baltimore"; or he has "made a child's bargain" with all of the world "and the rest of mankind." It is known and read of all that not only the membership, but the *Preachers* of that Conference, are slaveholders. I know several of them myself. Secondly, I know nothing of the "best opportunity" of his Western Virginia brethren, but I do know two facts in this case: 1st, There are not a great many slaves in Western Virginia, when compared to the East and South, but there is a fair proportion of these in the Methodist Episcopal Church. And 2dly, the members of this Conference share with Baltimore in "*the sum of all villanies.*" A large proportion of this Conference lies along the Ohio valley, where the slaveholders in the Church were formerly more numerous, but, through the means of some Abolitionists "over the river," they (the slaves) have been decoyed off. And others have become alarmed lest they should lose their property; consequently, they have sold them.

With regard to Kentucky, the facts are about the same along the Ohio River. I know nothing of Missouri, therefore I say nothing. I have great respect for Dr. Durbin—his education and piety, as well as his ministerial character—but he has suffered himself to be misled in this case. It does not require the intellectual ability to solve some abstruse problem in Euclid to give a reason for the diminution of slavery in the Methodist Episcopal Church on this side of "Mason and Dixon's line."

The more affluent and influential part of the citizenship have adhered to the Southern Church, or had, and still have, no connection with the Methodists of either party. The Dr. says "it is well understood" that the Methodist Episcopal Church is bearing "a living practical protest in the States against slavery." Now, I am sure his brethren in this country, and in Kentucky, will not feel so *pleasant* at the Dr.'s honest exposure of this important fact. The preachers and laity of the Methodist Episcopal Church here deny in toto that they are even aiming to operate against slavery. They look upon it as a slander to charge them with Abolitionism; or, at least, affect to do so. I have been in the Western Virginia Conference of the Church South, ever since its second session in Madlen; I have travelled over a considerable portion of the Western Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and I am satisfied that the more influential part of the Church will never submit to *non-slavery* as a condition of Church membership. That there are many strongly anti-slavery men in the Church is a fact not to be questioned; but these know full well that all hope of *perpetuity* to the Methodist Episcopal Church on slave territory will be at an end when the law is enacted. It is due both to Dr. Durbin and your readers that these facts should be known. R. A. CLAUGHTON.

From The Wesleyan.

There are many persons in the Methodist Episcopal Church who, like Dr. Elliott, admit that slaveholders are members of that Church, as before the division; but claim that no member now sells a slave without being disciplined—losing his membership. Now for facts.

In Bracken Co., Ky.—my native county—B. H——, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, sold a slave woman and children, a few years since—since the division. This woman, with her children, had been willed to him, had committed no offence—he wanted money and sold them.

Another member, G. A——, last Winter, cast two unoffending slaves in prison, at the death of his wife, by whom he received them, and in a short time sold them. When I left that County, some two or three months since, as I was assured by reliable persons, that slave-trader was, as before, a member in good standing—undisciplined. So was the member I first alluded to. I have talked with him about his sin in this respect. My wife says, if one of her uncles, T. H——, was now living—deceased some fifteen months since—he would testify that another member, who was still in good standing last Fall, a leading man, sold him a slave, since the division in 1844. These facts are notorious; and whilst in Campbell Co., last Fall, I was assured that there are many other like examples.

But why should our Methodist brethren make the absence of *slave-trading* the standard of their piety, or loyalty to freedom and righteousness? The crime consists not in the selling, but in the *holding*—in chatelizing man. If I may rightfully hold a horse, then I may rightfully sell him. The crime is in holding slaves. So the Methodist Episcopal Church once decided; and forty years since, even in Kentucky, as I learn from a living witness, in that very church to which I have referred above. Squire Day was disciplined because he would not pledge himself to manumit some slaves then in his possession. In those days, there was much piety and efficiency in that Church—now but little, if any, of either. The "fine gold has become dim." Slavery has been suffered to come in, and with it pride, caste and oppression. These have grieved away the spirit of God, and dissipated love for souls.

There is no safety, Bro. Matlack, but in obedience to the Divine commands, "eat not with the extortioner"; "have no fellowship with the unfruitful work of darkness"; "come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

JOHN G. FEE.

Burea, Madison Co., Ky., Jan. 11, 1856.

Correspondence of The Christian Advocate and Journal.

We have, in connection with us, in the bounds of the Philadelphia Conference (on the eastern shore of Maryland and in the State of Delaware), about four thousand and five hundred slaves. This estimate is made from statistics gathered from various sources, and only approximates to the true sum. An accurate count, could it be had, might show a larger number. * * * The number of slaveholders in our Conference must be placed at a much lower figure than that of slaves; perhaps there are not more than two thousand. Many of these have proved themselves friends to Methodism by the sorest trials—trials too much the result of lamentable indiscretion and unwarranted interference of others. Many of them have been connected with slavery by circumstances beyond their control, and entertain a profound sense of its evil character and consequences. As Christians, we honour them; as friends, we love them. Wanting, as they are, in no evidence of piety, constantly attesting their attachment to the Church and their devotion to God, the act which shall withdraw the means of access from them and those similarly situated will be as unchristian in character as fatal to the Church in the sphere of its influence.

THE AMERICAN BOARD IN GREAT BRITAIN.

From The [London] Empire.

OUR readers are aware that a controversy has been raging for some time past between certain prominent friends of the slave in this country and Mr. Secretary Young, of the Turkish Missions Aid Society, relative to that pro-slavery institution, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. There can be no doubt that the former Society is an auxiliary of the latter; hence its supporters are undoubtedly affording encouragement to the pro-slavery religion and the spurious Christianity of the United States. Slavery never possessed a more stalwart and unscrupulous advocate than that American Board which Mr. Secretary Young is representing to be sound on the slavery question. Does he imagine that the anti-slavery party in this country will tolerate his jesuitical statements? or that the religious public will be gulled into countenancing a Society which is steeped in pro-slavery guilt? The reverend gentleman, having been annoyed by the outspoken speeches delivered at the Leeds Anti-Slavery meeting, has addressed a letter on the subject to the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, which, together with that gentleman's reply, we have been requested to publish. The following is a copy of the correspondence.

TURKISH MISSIONS AID SOCIETY,
7 Adam street, Adelphi, Jan. 18th, 1856.

SIR: In this month's number of the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* I find an account of a meeting in the school-room of Belgrave Chapel, Leeds (copied from the local journals), at which Mr. Parker Pillsbury made some very unwarrantable attacks on the American Board of Missions, and also on this Society, because of its support of the Missions of that Board in the Ottoman Empire.

I can only repeat what has been already stated in the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, that the Committee of the Turkish Missions Aid Society cannot recognise their responsibility for all the proceedings of the American Board in all parts of the world, still less its proceedings in past years in Missions to the Indians of North America.

They esteem it a privilege to encourage the band of faithful missionaries sent by that Board to Turkey, in the department of native agency, for the best of all reasons, that the Lord has granted to their labours such evident tokens of His approbation and blessing; but to charge the Society with supporting American slavery because most of the missionaries were born Americans is so foolish and unreasonable an objection that they are surprised that it could be for a moment entertained by any candid mind.

With equal reason might the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Religious Tract Society be held up to public reprobation, because they entrust to those same missionaries the circulation of large editions of the Word of God and of religious books and tracts. Surely it is not by such attacks that slavery in America will receive its death-blow, nor will the abolition cause be promoted thereby.

As you have given a full report of the charges of Mr. Pillsbury at the Leeds meeting, I trust to your sense of justice to insert the enclosed reply,

And remain, your obedient servant,
(Signed) CUTHBERT G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

To the Editor of the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*.

27 NEW BROAD STREET, 19th Jan., 1856.

SIR: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your note of the 18th, with its enclosure.

You ask me to insert the latter in the *Reporter*, because I introduced in our January number a report of a meeting at Leeds, at which Mr. Pillsbury made, as you assert, "some very unwarrantable attacks on the American Board of Missions," and on your Society; and because, as I presume, you are under the impression that your reply satisfactorily disposes of those charges.

I hold a totally opposite opinion.

I have myself advanced similar charges, and am not only prepared, when opportunity shall offer, to renew them, but to challenge you or any one else to controvert them.

I charge the American Board with being a pro-slavery organization, with sustaining a pro-slavery policy, with teaching, through its missionaries, a pro-slavery Gospel, and therefore an anti-Christian Christianity. I do not charge it only for what it has done in years past, but for what it is now doing; and I cannot permit you, however dexterously, to make it appear that the policy of the Board is at this present time more honest with regard to its actions against slavery than it was in time past, when I presume even so strenuous an advocate of the Board as you are would not have had the temerity to maintain that that policy was deserving of the support of anti-slavery Christian men and ministers.

It is not my province to give currency to attacks on individuals, as I must do were I to insert in the *Reporter* your letter to the *Leeds Mercury*. On some points, which I consider vital, I differ widely from the gentleman whose name you have mentioned. He is well able to defend himself and all his assertions, as you would find, I do not doubt, had you the courage to meet him openly, and discuss the point at issue between you. I will, however, say, that in the present instance I am prepared to substantiate the allegations he has made against the American Board, from documentary evidence I have in my possession, and which I have been collecting with some assiduity since I acquired the conviction that your zealous defence of that pro-slavery organization is made with ample means at your command of ascertaining that the facts of the case are utterly at variance with the statements you publicly make.

For the third time I challenge you—in the friendliest spirit—to meet me, and, either publicly or in the presence of an equal number of the members of our respective Societies, discuss the points on which we differ so widely.

With respect to the Western Turkey Missions Aid Society, I was not aware that it had ever been charged with "the responsibility for all the proceedings of the American Board in all par

cian. He has, by his own unaided efforts, and by assiduity and practice, acquired a surprising knowledge of the science of music, and attained to so remarkable a degree of excellence as a pianist, that the ablest professors of the piano-forte in London have pronounced his performances on it marvellous. He officiated for some time as organist in the principal churches in Jamaica and in Nova Scotia, whence he has recently arrived to try his fortune in this country. His testimonials are of the very highest order, and we doubt not but that, before long, his extraordinary endowments will become the theme of public praise in journals more strictly suited than ours to chronicle them.

A SERMON BY DR. SOUTHSIDE.

From The Oneida Sachem.

MR. EDITOR: The following is the substance of a discourse preached to the slaves by the Rev. Dr. Southside, during his recent visit to the State of Georgia.

The Doctor informed his sable hearers that his text might be found in the 20th chapter of Acts, 35th verse.

"I have shewed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said it is more blessed to give than to receive."

The Doctor commenced by saying that he would give an exposition of the text, so plain that all his hearers could understand it, whether they could read for themselves or not. He would first call their attention to their duty in regard to labour. "How that so labouring ye ought to support the weak." Your masters and their families are weak and unable to labour. They cannot endure the scorching rays of the sun, nor the severity of the storm. Your masters could not endure the severe chastisement the overseer is obliged sometimes to bestow upon you for neglect of duty. Your mistresses could not, like you, my sisters in the Lord, toil in the field, with one of their children lashed to their backs, as you can. For wise reasons God has made them weak and unable to work for the support of themselves and their families, and has made you strong that you may labour for their support as well as your own. Your masters and their families could not subsist on the same fare that you can and do. They could not live on corn and salt, and sleep on a little straw spread upon the floor in a rude cabin, as you do.

The Apostle says, "ye ought to labour to support the weak." And now let me tell you why you ought to do it.

First—Because you belong to your masters. As the Apostle says in another place, "Ye are bought with a price; and ye are not your own." You belong to your masters for the same reason that his horse belongs to him. The law makes you his property. The great and ever to be lamented Henry Clay said, "That is property which the law makes property."

Second—You ought to labour for their support because they provide all your food and clothing, and all your Gospel privileges. I could not have preached to you to-day without your master's permission. You could not have wives without their consent, and, although you may sometimes think it is hard to have them taken from your embrace, and sold to slave-dealers to pay your master's debts, they kindly permit you to marry again as soon as you please.

I call your attention, in the second place, to the latter part of the text, which requires you to "remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how it is more blessed to give than to receive."

We are to inquire what you may give to secure the promised blessing

First—You give all your labour to your masters; you receive no pay for your services. It is more blessed for you to give your labour than it is for your master to receive it. Only think of it!—every day's labour is accompanied by a blessing. Again, you can give your wives and children to be sold. Now this is giving a great deal; but the greater the gift, the greater the blessing. These things tend to wean us from the world and increase our spiritual enjoyment. I noticed that several of you in the prayer-meeting, who have had your wives and children sold recently, had unusual liberty and power in prayer. Again, you may give your bodies to suffer by the lash of the overseer, and in many other ways. I see that some of you have lost an eye; others their teeth; some have lost one ear; the faces of some are much disfigured by scars. Well, now, instead of repining at this, you will remember that the Prophet Isaiah says of our Saviour, "His image was so marred more than any other man, and his form more than the sons of men," and rejoice that you are counted worthy to suffer for His sake.

Finally, let me exhort you to be "obedient to your masters." Labour cheerfully for their support. Remember "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Ever bear in mind that "He who knoweth his master's will and doeth it not *shall be beaten with many stripes*," and great will be your reward in Heaven.

The Doctor then said he understood there were two persons present who desired to avail themselves of the ordinance of baptism, prior to their admission into the church; he would now request them to come forward. Their masters having communicated their names to the Doctor, he proceeded to the ceremony, which he performed in the following impressive manner:

"This boy's name is Bob. I baptize him in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." "This girl's name is Peg. I baptize her in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." Then, kneeling down, the Doctor said, "Let us pray."

"Infinitely wise and ever blessed God! it has pleased thee, in thy matchless wisdom, to ordain the relation of Master and Slave. It has also pleased thee to make out of the same lump one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour. We thank thee that thou art no respecter of persons; that thou hast made of one blood *all* nations of men for to dwell on *all* the face of the earth; that they are all one in Christ Jesus; that in the Gospel there is 'one Lord, one Faith and one Baptism.' We pray thee to especially remember Bob and Peg, who have given themselves away to thee in Baptism. We thank thee that they have believing masters. Preserve them from the machinations of *fanatical Abolitionists*, who would make them discontented with their happy lot. Give them to feel that they now see through a glass darkly, but soon the relation of master and servant will cease, when all will see as they are seen, and know as they are known; which unmerited favours we ask in the all-prevailing name of our Lord and Saviour. Amen."

Then all united very devoutly in singing the following familiar hymn, omitting the second stanza:

1. Come let us all unite and sing
   The praises of the Lord, our King,
   Who came to earth and died to save
   The Master *first*, and then the Slave.

2. We love our masters, and obey
   Their righteous laws from day to day;
   For they are loving, kind and true;
   They give us wives and children too.

3. Our sins are great, but can't surpass
   The power and glory of thy Grace;
   For our Salvation is so full,
   It sometimes makes us *white as wool!*

4. Forgive us, Lord, if we complain,
   Or think to die would be our gain.
   For 'tis far better, we believe,
   For us to give than to receive.

IMPORTANT SUIT BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT.

From The National Era.

AMIDST the political excitement consequent upon the protracted efforts to organize the House of Representatives, little attention seems to have been given to a case which was last week argued before the Supreme Court, in which are involved highly interesting legal and constitutional principles, touching slavery and the rights of free coloured people. The facts in the case are agreed upon by the parties litigant, and are thus set forth by their counsel:

DRED SCOTT VS. JOHN F. A. SANDFORD.

In error to the Circuit Court U. S. for the District of Missouri.

In the year 1834, the plaintiff was a negro slave, belonging to Dr. Emerson, who was a surgeon in the army of the United States. In that year, 1834, said Dr. Emerson took the plaintiff from the State of Missouri to the military post at Rock Island, in the State of Illinois, and held him there as a slave until the month of April or May, 1836. At the time last mentioned, said Dr. Emerson removed the plaintiff from said military post at Rock Island to the military post at Fort Snelling, situate on the west bank of the Mississippi river, in the territory known as Upper Louisiana, acquired by the United States of France, and situate north of the latitude of 36 deg. 30 min. north, and north of the State of Missouri. Said Dr. Emerson held the plaintiff in slavery at said Fort Snelling, from said last-mentioned date until the year 1838.

In the year 1835, Harriet, who is named in the second count of the plaintiff's declaration, was the negro slave of Major Taliaferro, who belonged to the army of the United States. In that year, 1835, said Major Taliaferro, took said Harriet to said Fort Snelling, a military post, situated as hereinbefore stated, and kept her there as a slave until the year 1836, and then sold and delivered her as a slave at said Fort Snelling unto the said Dr. Emerson hereinbefore named. Said Dr. Emerson held said Harriet in slavery at said Fort Snelling until the year 1838.

In the year 1836, the plaintiff and said Harriet at said Fort Snelling, with the consent of said Dr. Emerson, who then claimed to be their master and owner, intermarried, and took each other for husband and wife. Eliza and Lizzy, named in the third count of the plaintiff's declaration, are the fruits of that marriage. Eliza is about fourteen years old, and was born on board the steamboat Gipsey, north of the north line of the State of Missouri, and upon the river Mississippi. Lizzy is about seven years old, and was born in the State of Missouri, at the military post called Jefferson Barracks.

In the year 1838, said Dr. Emerson removed the plaintiff and said Harriet and their said daughter Eliza, from said Fort Snelling to the State of Missouri, where they have ever since resided.

Before the commencement of this suit, said Dr. Emerson sold and conveyed the plaintiff, said Harriet, Eliza and Lizzy, to the defendant, as slaves, and the defendant has ever since claimed to hold them and each of them as slaves.

At the times mentioned in the plaintiff's declaration, the defendant, claiming to be owner as aforesaid, laid his hands upon said plaintiff, Harriet, Eliza and Lizzy, and imprisoned them, doing in this respect, however, no more than what he might lawfully do if they were of right his slaves at such time.

Further proof may be given on the trial for either party.

R. M. FIELD, for Pl'ff.
H. A. GARLAD, for Def't.

The defendant, when the case was on trial before the Circuit Court, put in a plea to the jurisdiction of the Court, on the ground that the plaintiff was not a citizen of the State of Missouri, but a negro slave, and that, therefore, jurisdiction properly belonged to the State Courts. The plaintiff demurred, and the Court sustained the demurrer, or, in other words, decided that the plea was insufficient. Finally, the jury found the defendant not guilty of the assault and illegal detention or imprisonment, and judgment was rendered accordingly. After ineffectual efforts to obtain a new trial, the plaintiff sued out a writ of error, which brings the case before the Supreme Court of this city.

Montgomery Blair, Esq., appeared for the plaintiff, and Reverdy Johnson, Esq., of Baltimore, for the defendant. We had not the pleasure of listening to the argument of counsel, but an inspection of Mr. Blair's *brief* satisfies us that he presented an able and irrefragable argument for the freedom of the plaintiff.

The points discussed are briefly these: 1, If a slave be taken by his master to reside in a free State, and then, after a lapse of time, be brought back into a State which tolerates slavery, can the slave claim freedom? 2, Are free people of colour citizens of the United States? 3, Was the exclusion of slavery from the territory north and west of Missouri a constitutional enactment?

We believe that the Court has not yet made public its decision in this case, and we therefore suspend our remarks upon it. G.

The Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*, noticing the above case, says:

"Contrary to general expectation, there is some new ground of hope that a portion of the Southern wing of this tribunal will recede from the position first assumed, and perhaps go so far as to admit the right to freedom in the coloured plaintiff. The Courts of Kentucky, Louisiana, Tennessee, Virginia, and other Southern States, always heretofore held the doctrine laid down by Judge Gamble, on the dissenting opinion which he gave when this same plaintiff (Dred Scott) sued his former owner (Dr. Emerson) for freedom, that 'the master who takes his slave to reside in a State or Territory where slavery is prohibited thereby emancipates his slave.' The weight of authority is overwhelming, and the books are filled with decisions, covering even stronger cases than that now under consideration. It is only surprising how Southern Judges can hesitate, where the practice has been so uniform and the law so clear."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1856.

JUDGE WORSHIP

Most nations have their idols. All, indeed. Some bow down to stocks and stones; some to purple gowns edged with ermine; some to vestments embroidered in gold on the back; some to gold rings worn round the head; and other some to scarlet hats and three-storied mitres. We do not go to this expense for our fetishes. An old roll of parchment, in the State Department at Washington, answers our purpose. We call it the Constitution, or the Union (for, like other divinities, it has a variety of *aliases*), and the celebration of its liturgy never ceases in the land. Candles are burning before its altar day and night. Its praises are said or sung on all occasions; and there is no end to the sacrifices we are ready to offer up to it. Gold and silver without stint we pour out before it. It can have its fill of blood at any time. Human sacrifices are part of the regular ritual, according to the Doctors of the Law at Washington, and the chiefest Doctors in Divinity everywhere declare that thus they become part and parcel of vital Christianity. All that the servants of the altar have to do, when they want anything, is to cry aloud that the idol is in danger, and there is nothing we will not do to save it. For, unlike gods in general, ours is not immortal of its own nature, but of a most queasy and tetchy constitution, which calls for the continual caring of doctors, and the holding up of helpers on either side, lest it fall on its face and be broken, like Dagon of old time.

But it is not of this great idol of all that we propose to speak; but of another quite as much in the popular mouth and mind, and one without whose helping the heirophants of the higher service could do comparatively little mischief. They can only make the National Oracle give such responses as suit their purposes. The complemental priesthood is necessary to expound and apply them. The idol they minister unto (for we have a Pantheon-full of them) is quadrupedal, fashioned of wood, clothed with horse-hair and cloth, and called the Bench. The ministers, when their service is to proceed, seat themselves upon this object of worship, and thence derive their inspiration, somewhat as the Pythoness did hers from the Delphic Tripod. As soon as they have thus taken their places before the people, and they are transfigured in their eyes. They are deemed to be raised above human passions and temptations, and their decrees are reverenced as the utterances of Pure Reason, if not of the Supreme Divinity. What they declare to be Right, straightway becomes so, however hideous a Wrong it may have looked but a moment before. A Lie is translated into a Truth by passing upon their breath through their lips. Hospitality becomes a crime, humanity a felony, feeding the poor a deed worthy of stripes, and hiding the outcast an enormity only fitly punished by dungeons and confiscations of goods. The people have no redress and no appeal against their judgings. They have said it. It is Law. Therefore, it is Justice. Therefore, it is Right. And we all tremble before the things our own hands have made.

In plain pedestrious phrase, we seem to have transferred the faith our fathers used to have in the King, and more lately in their ministers of religion, to the Judges. A very good and proper feeling when properly directed and rightly limited. A Judge ought to be a just object of reverence, and his opinions should be such as to command general respect. But his character does not become of necessity divine because he has ascended the Bench, nor are his responses necessarily authentic because they are uttered by a Judge. But the blind awe with which the American people, especially in the Free States, are wont to regard their Judges invests them with a terrible power for mischief as well as for good. It makes them, indeed, the most powerful, and therefore the most dangerous, class of men in the country. It is from the Judiciary and not from the Executive, from the lips that pronounce the law and not from the hands that hold the sword, that our liberties are in danger in this country. Tyranny will overrun the land, if at all, with a law-book and not a sabre in its hand. Like all men entrusted with power, above all other men in America, the Judges should be closely watched and the first beginnings of their usurpations resisted. The factitious reverence with which they are commonly regarded must be swept away. They must be looked at just as are other men, with great power and great opportunities and great temptations. It is a power, however, which is built upon the assumption that Judges can do no wrong, and which will exist no longer for evil when the people erect themselves into a High Court of Errors, to review and pass upon their decisions in the last resort. Let us be wise in time, and put ourselves into a state of mind to judge righteous judgment, by freeing ourselves from the befogging-prejudices which hinder us from seeing a Judge as we would another man.

Take the Supreme Court of the United States, for instance: is the Court-room in the Capitol a Bethesdan pool into which a servile lawyer (and what animal exceeds a servile lawyer in servility?) can step and be cleansed? Has Grier been bettered by the hallowing influences of the silk gown? His position on the Bench has only enabled him to display on a wider stage that eager subserviency to power and that passion for trampling on the weak which must be ingrained in his base and brutal nature? Has Curtis been transformed by his reception into that goodly fellowship from the cunning lawyer who acted as the secret chamber counsel of negro-catchers, and who purchased his promotion by an open defence, in Faneuil Hall, of the legal and moral force of the Fugitive Act? He remains the same able, astute, unscrupulous tool of tyranny that he always was. And should Judge Taney sleep with Marshall and Jay and Ellsworth before Franklin Pierce is sent back to the County Court of Concord, and Caleb Cushing, God save the mark, be hoisted into his place, will he be any less of a tortuous, crawling, wriggling, two-faced, ambi-dexterous, unprincipled politician on the Bench than he has been off of it? And so of the rest of them. Who doubts that the Supreme Court would uphold any law that Congress might pass, provided it were bad enough? Who hopes any ruling on the side of liberty from a Court made up of five negro-stealers and four doughfaces? And yet we are called upon to reverence them! God bless Judge Smith and the Wisconsin Court which has dared to vindicate the equal jurisdiction of the State Courts with those of the Nation! And God strengthen them to maintain the right against the Edict which is sure to come down from Washington to crush them! Judge Smith is the real Chief Justice of the United States, and he and his assessors will deserve the thanks of their contemporaries, and will receive the blessings of posterity, if they oppose an effectual resistance to the silk-robed Praetorians of the Slave Power.

We suppose it is natural, though it looks strange at first, that the Star of Hope should have arisen in the West rather than in the East; for we live in times when the powers of the heavens are shaken, and the ordinary laws of nature are reversed. But when the Supreme Judges of Pennsylvania were content to let Passmore Williamson rot in jail for telling Judge Kane the truth, and when those of Massachusetts crawled on their bellies, day after day, under the United States Marshal's chain, and went to their Court room only by the sufferance of his infamous deputies, it is comforting to know that there is a spark of spirit and courage left in a young and vigorous Commonwealth, which may yet kindle into a general and generous blaze. This superstition of Judge Worship is, perhaps, stronger in the Old States than in the New—possibly stronger in Massachusetts than anywhere else. It led there even so respectable a gentleman as Mr. Richard H. Dana, the younger, to be at the pains to furnish the scurvy minion who had lied and intrigued himself from obscurity to the Governorship with reasons for thrusting Judge Loring down the throat of Massachusetts after she had once spewed him out of her mouth. And this after he had himself satisfied the rest of the world, if not himself, how incompetent that unjust Judge was to understand evidence or expound Law! And all from a sacred regard to the Purity of the Judiciary! We believe Massachusetts is the only State that has not yet applied the principle of popular election to the appointment of Judges. Perhaps this inauspicious conjunction of Dana and Gardner may hasten the day of that essential reform. Such a tainted wether as Loring must infect the whole flock of Massachusetts Judges; one such mildewed ear must blast his wholesome brothers. It may help to disenchant that Judge-bound Commonwealth, by the contagious odour of an infamous Judge. For ourselves, we confess it, we never meet a Massachusetts Judge, which we sometimes do, without fancying that he *smells* of Judge Loring. Let the Judges be elective everywhere in the States. In the Nation it is impossible, as long as Slavery lasts. But in the States, let the Judges come directly from the people, and let the people respect them for their conduct and not for their position. Let them regard the Bench of Justice as no more sacred than the Shoemaker's Bench in itself—deriving all its lustre from the man sitting upon it. Then let the people but will it, and they will erect in a truly reverend and venerable Judiciary at home a tower of strength against the incursions of Federal ambition and Slaveholding barbarism.

"TEN LETTERS ON SLAVERY.".....*II.*

OUR readers have seen, in a previous article, that Dr. Rice, of St. Louis, in his pamphlet above named, ascribes the establishment and authorization of slavery to God, and hence commends the Presbyterian Church-members who practise it as devout and pious, and brands the Abolitionists, who oppose it, as impious men, infidels and blasphemers. He next proceeds to an elaborate eulogy of the Colonization Society, bears witness to the fact that it originated among slaveholders, echoes and endorses the lie that they founded it from a "desire to free themselves and their country from the calamity of slavery," and declares that "the day has come when even Abolitionists are constrained to utter the praises of Colonization," in *proof* of which he quotes such praises from the *Congregationalist*, of Boston.

In his second letter, Dr. Rice proceeds from the "Providential aspects" of slavery to the "great moral questions" which it involves.

"There is, first, a question as to the duty of individual slaveholders. Is it their duty at once to manumit their slaves? If you say yes, another question arises, viz.: What is their duty, when the laws of the State forbid manumission, without the removal of the slaves beyond its limits? If you say, Remove them, in view of the legislation of *the free States* against the settlement of free negroes amongst them, whither shall the Christian master remove his slaves? And then, must he provide for them a home? Or has he done his duty when he has liberated them? If you say, he must give them a home, the difficulty is, that multitudes of slaveholders are not able to provide homes for their children. And then suppose, what is constantly occurring, the master has just inherited his slaves, but has received no service from them, is he bound to provide for them? What is the duty of a master when, as it constantly happens, a number of his slaves have intermarried with those of other men? He cannot manumit them within the State; is he bound to separate husbands and wives, parents and children, whether they are willing or unwilling, in order to free his slaves? And then there arises a question for the conscientious citizen. Is he bound to exert his influence and cast his vote in favour of immediate emancipation, without colonization? If you say yes, the question assumes a more difficult shape, viz.: Suppose he is convinced that such emancipation will prove a serious injury to both the slaves and the country, is he bound still to go for it?"

Many groups of questions manufactured in this style are to be found in the old "Cases of Conscience," written by the Jesuit doctors, some of which are referred to in the "Provincial Letters" of Pascal. That distinguished author has stated, to the entire conviction of all Protestants, at least, what was the *purpose* of the "Cases of Conscience." The purpose of Dr. Rice is, to persuade men that slaveholders are right in those matters wherein they differ from Abolitionists; and the process by which this is attempted is an elaborate statement of the difficulty of untwisting that which, for a long course of years, has been intimately woven into the whole texture, political, social and ecclesiastical, of Southern society (and of course into those elements of it which are right as well as those which are wrong), and a representation of those difficulties as a sufficient reason for continuing the system of slavery, while he ignores the monstrous fact that the slaveholders who now *find* these difficulties are the very persons who have *made* them; who have all their lives diligently and systematically applied their heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, and wit, and force, and fraud, to the work of fortifying the laws which they found already in existence for supporting and protecting slavery. Of course they will find some trouble in untying the knots which the whole of their strength has, for so many years, been applied to fasten. But it is a trouble which legitimately belongs to them; and, at any rate, the man who has just given his vote in the State Legislature for a law forbidding emancipation, or the constituent who sent him there for that purpose, can hardly expect to be believed when he offers that law as his reason for not emancipating. So, too, respecting the rupture of slave marriages. The slaveholder breaks them without ceremony, by sale and purchase, whenever his convenience requires, and can quote grave ecclesiastical decisions that such slaves may properly take other partners as often as they are thus separated. But when emancipation is in question, the matter is entirely changed, and the conscientious Dr. Rice inquires—Is it right to set free a slave who must then leave the State, while his wife, belonging to another owner, must remain? May we thus sunder what God hath joined?

Just such questions as Dr. Rice asks in defence of slavery, and with just as much force, may be asked by a pirate, a polygamist, a gambler, a pickpocket, whose whole life has become so interpenetrated by the vicious character of his business that repentance and reformation will interfere with some of his right relations as well as his wrong ones. Suppose the pickpocket cannot pay the butcher and the shoemaker who have supplied his necessities, except by continuing the exercise of his profession! Shall he evade the payment of these just debts? Suppose the very clothes upon his back have been advanced to him by his teacher in this art, on his pledge to pay for them in pocketbooks and handkerchiefs! Shall he violate his contract and defraud his employer on the one hand, or, on the other, offend against decency by walking the streets naked? Only assume the particular vice in question to be *right* in the first place, only deny it to be a *sin*, and you may admit it to be an evil to almost any extent, and yet barricade yourself with objections like the above to any proposed change.

No wonder that Dr. Rice's parishioners find godliness to be great gain. They can well afford the few thousands which they pay to hear "the Gospel" so preached as to justify them in living at ease on the enforced and unpaid labour of other men. Not that they need that sort of hypocrisy for themselves: they hold slaves for their own profit, and will not scruple to say so; but when they chance to fall in with a person who refuses to admit the validity of this reason, and holds them fast to the question of *right*, it must be very convenient, and well worth their share of the Doctor's salary, to be able to point to his pamphlet, and say—"*There* you may see it proved, by a most excellent and pious man, that slaveholding is the meritorious carrying out of a great Providential arrangement, that emancipation without Colonization would be a sin, and that Abolitionists, in fighting against slavery, are fighting against God. Whether you infidels agree to it or not, Dr. Rice and his Gospel are good enough for *us*; and he tells us that *God* permitted the Jews to buy and hold slaves; that, through the Apostles, *He* gave the same license to the early Christians; that these rules are the best for *us* also to live by; and that Lloyd Garrison and his party are infidels of the most impious type."

Those who have been conversant with the writings of clergymen in defence of slavery will not be surprised at the disingenuousness with which Dr. Rice fortifies his case against emancipation, by referring to the few nominally free States which have prohibited the settlement of coloured people within their boundaries, in the following terms: "In view of the legislation of *the free States* against the settlement of free negroes among them"—and, "since *the free States* are throwing insuperable obstacles in the way of the settlement of free coloured people in their limits," &c.

Dr. Rice is quite severe upon the delegates for not coming themselves to preach emancipation in the slave States; he humorously asks them—"Brethren, have you a single church, or a single missionary, in any one of the slave States, who holds and preaches what you regard as the truth, on the subject of slavery?" And he quietly disposes of the little objection of the violent expulsion of all who have hitherto made this attempt, by saying—"The danger, so far as it exists, is simply the consequence of the unwise, unscriptural course they have pursued." No wonder our author boasts of the purity with which (what he calls) the Gospel is preached in the South. Those ministers have a strong incitement to faithfulness whose congregations tar and feather them as soon as they become "unscriptural."

We will next answer one of our author's "difficult questions." According to him—"With *many* slaveholders who have *desired* to emancipate their slaves, one of the most difficult questions has been *where to place them*." If Dr. Rice, the next time he goes into the street, should find a little man struggling to escape from a big one who is holding him by the collar, and, on asking the detainer why he does not let the other go, should be told, "I have long wished to let him go, and am very tired of holding him, but I don't know where to put him," he would probably conclude the speaker to be either an insane person or a most impudent liar. The slaves will know very well where to place *themselves*, as soon as the slaveholder's clutch is taken off their necks, and they are *satisfactorily* assured that no rifle-ball, or bloodhound, or constable will be sent after them. We have often heard assertions that slaves who have been offered their liberty have refused it, and we do not deny that such stories are as true as lies generally are. We do not doubt that if a slaveholder should go round his estate, followed by his overseer with a handcuff in one hand and a plantation whip in the other, and should ask every slave if he wants to be free, the answer from every one would be, "No, massa." But we should not consider that any real love of slavery or aversion to freedom was established by such an answer under such circumstances. The taunt addressed to the delegates in this pamphlet, that they have not told the slaveholders what to do, may be very true, and very well deserved; but *the Abolitionists* have given this information often enough. Since, however, very deaf people need frequent repetitions, we will state again to the class of persons who represent themselves as involuntary slaveholders (because too conscientious to violate the law of their State against emancipation, and too poor to pay any portion of the arrears which they have dishonestly kept back from their labourers thus far), what we think they ought to do. Let each cause to be made, forthwith, as many stout bags as he has slaves, put a week's provision into each, write as many passes, authorizing the bearer to go and inquire for letters at the New York post-office, give a bag and a pass to each, and wish them a pleasant journey. Whoever will have the justice and honesty to allow his slaves thus to place *themselves*, will be freed from the difficulty of deciding *where* to place them: and no slaveholder who goes so far forward as this in the line of his duty will be further troubled by reproaches from Abolitionists, though, of course, they will think better of him, and he will stand more clearly justified to his own conscience, if he *also* makes arrangements to send them their arrears of wages as fast as he can earn it by honest labour, and, moreover, desires them, if they ever reach a Christian country, to cause missionaries to be sent to the barbarous region from which they have escaped.

Throughout this pamphlet, Dr. Rice constantly recurs to the Colonization Society as the panacea for whatever evils yet remain connected with the (substantially right and divinely appointed) system of slavery. Having deliberately taken up the defence of slaveholders, and looking, of course, from their point of view, he declares the existing prejudice against colour to be insuperable (it must be worse, then, than total depravity), declares that free coloured people form a very undesirable population, and claims credit to the slaveholders not only for originating this scheme of expatriation, but for hearing the *evils* of slavery vividly portrayed by its Agents without manifesting the slightest unpleasant excitement—that is to say, without lynching the speakers who told them that slaveholding is not sin. He triumphs in the alliance of such newspapers as the *Christian Mirror* of Portland and the *Puritan Recorder* of Boston, and in the aid of such men as Dr. Adams, Dr. Blagden, Dr. Kirk and Dr. Humphrey, and does not wonder that "Gerrit Smith's faith has become unsettled since he abandoned the cause of Colonization and became an Abolitionist."

Dr. Rice does not assume, with Dr. Lord, that slavery is positively good, and divinely destined to perpetuity. He admits the desirableness of a very gradual and very remote emancipation, always interposing these two conditions: 1st, It must be done by the *voluntary action of the slaveholders* (this shuts off the interference of the whole North); and, 2d, Even slaveholders must not do it until the *Providence of God opens the way*; this allows Dr. Rice's congregation to buy men, and flog women, and sell children, and live on the compulsory and unpaid labour of them all, until God miraculously prevents them; for the thorough demonstrations that have been often given, that slavery is wrong in principle, atrocious in practice, unjust to the slave, corrupting to the master, injurious to all connected with either of these parties, and a clog upon the progress of true religion and good government, do not, in Dr. Rice's judgment, amount to a Providential intimation that any slaveholder should *now stop* holding slaves.

The worst feature of this pamphlet is the pious cant with which it appeals to God, and the conscience which he has given to individual men for their direction, and the Book which is claimed as his Word, and the Church which is assumed to be his institution, for the present justification and indefinite continuance of slavery. Believing that God, and not the Devil, created men, we do not feel justified in despairing of the reformation of any one of them, even in this world; but men who, like Dr. Rice, can invoke the most venerable names in support of the vilest iniquities—who, like the Rev. J. S. C. Abbot, can claim that every page of his infamous attempt to sanctify the character of Napoleon was written under a deep sense of his responsibility to God—must be, humanly speaking, the hardest subjects of regenerating grace. Of whom, if not of such men, did Paul say that "even their mind and conscience is defiled"? Sure we are that an intelligent missionary, who wished to see fruit of his preaching of true Christianity, would more hopefully undertake the conversion of the most savage native African, or the most thorough worldling from London or Paris, than that of churchlings so hardened and confirmed in evil as these men have proved themselves.

HON. JOHN P. HALE will accept our thanks for a copy of "Reports and Explorations and Surveys, to ascertain the most practicable and economical route for a Railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, made under the direction of the Secretary of War, in 1853–4." It is a quarto volume of 650 pp., published by direction of the Senate, and will be valuable for geographical and topographical uses.

HON. CHAUNCEY L. KNAPP, M.C., is entitled to our thanks for a pamphlet copy of the Rev. Mr. Conway's Discourse, published in THE STANDARD of the 16th ult. It is published by the Republican Association of Washington for general circulation, and may be obtained of L. Clephane, the Secretary, for 62 cents per hundred.

THE KNOW-NOTHINGS IN COUNCIL.

THE "American National Council" assembled in Philadelphia on Monday, Feb. 18th, to revise the Platform of the party, so as, if possible, to make it acceptable both to the North and the South, and heal the divisions caused by the action of the Council held in the same place last June; and thus to prepare the way for the "American National Convention," which was to meet on the following Friday (Feb. 22d.) to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. A portion of the Northern delegates were bent upon the rejection of the pro-slavery Twelfth Section of the June platform and the adoption in its place of the resolution proposed at that time by the anti-slavery delegates, which denounced the repeal of the Missouri Restriction as an infraction of plighted faith, and declared that, unless it should be restored, it would be the duty of Congress to refuse the admission to the Union of any State tolerating slavery that might be formed out of the territory to which that Restriction was applied. Another portion of the Northern delegates were in favour of the Twelfth Section, or of anything else that the South might demand. The Southern members were determined to have everything their own way, as usual. The delegates from Louisiana, though they repudiated the anti-Catholic section of the platform, were admitted by a vote of 84 to 45. From Pennsylvania there were two sets of delegates, representing different State Councils; the one repudiating the Twelfth Section, the other accepting it. The one first named was, after a severe struggle, admitted by a vote of yeas 84, nays 45. On this question the South was beaten.

The struggle in relation to the Platform was exceedingly bitter and violent. Southern men blustered and threatened in the usual fashion, a portion of the North contended earnestly for the repeal of the Twelfth Section, and the doughfaces stood ready to compromise on such terms as the Slave Power might dictate. On Wednesday the following resolution was adopted by a vote of 104 to 65:

"Whereas, The Twelfth Section of the platform adopted by the National Council in June, 1855, was neither proposed by the South nor sanctioned by the North, therefore said section is hereby stricken out.

"Resolved, That as regards the support of slavery, we abide by the principles and provisions of the Constitution of the United States, yielding no more, and claiming no less."

The South fairly raved on the announcement of this result, and on Thursday morning a large portion of the Northern delegates backed down, and the vote striking out the Twelfth Section was reconsidered, 97 to 87. It was then proposed to abrogate the *whole* of the June platform, with the view to adopt another ignoring the slavery question altogether. The question of abrogating the old platform was first put, and carried by the united votes of the slaveholders and doughfaces—138 to 51. A new platform, presented by French S. Evans, of Va., was then adopted—yeas 108, nays 77. The parts of the new platform which relate in any way to slavery are as follows, viz.:

"The perpetuation of the Federal Union, as the palladium of our civil and religious liberties, and the only sure bulwark of American Independence.

"The unqualified recognition and maintenance of the reserved rights of the several States, and the cultivation of harmony and fraternal good-will between the citizens of the several States, and, to this end, non-interference by Congress with questions appertaining solely to the individual States, and non-intervention by each State with the affairs of any other State.

"The recognition of the right of the native-born and naturalized citizens of the United States, permanently residing in any Territory thereof, to frame their Constitution and laws, and to regulate their domestic and social affairs in their own mode, subject only to the provisions of the Federal Constitution, with the right of admission into the Union whenever they have the requisite population for one Representative in Congress.

"The maintenance and enforcement of all laws until said laws shall be repealed, or shall be declared null and void by competent judicial authority.

"Opposition to the reckless and unwise policy of the present Administration in the general management of our national affairs, and more especially * * * as shown in re-opening sectional agitation, by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; as shown in granting to unnaturalized foreigners the right to suffrage in Kansas and Nebraska; as shown in its vascillating course on the Kansas and Nebraska question. * * * * * *

"Therefore, to remedy existing evils and prevent the disastrous consequences otherwise resulting therefrom, we would build up the 'American party' upon the principles hereinbefore stated, eschewing all sectional questions, and uniting upon those purely national, and admitting into said party all American citizens who openly avow the principles and opinions heretofore expressed, and who will subscribe their names to the platform."

This, it will be seen, commits the party to the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty, promises admission to Kansas if she offers herself to the Union as a slave State, and discountenances all agitation of the slavery question. Of the 108 votes for this platform, 2 were given by Rhode Island, 30 by New York, 4 by New Jersey, 12 by Pennsylvania, 2 by California, 4 by Ohio, 2 by Indiana, 1 by Michigan, 4 by Wisconsin, 2 by Illinois, and 2 by Iowa delegates; making 65 in all from free States. Of the 77 noes, 54 were cast by free State delegates; the remaining 23 by Southern men who affected to be very much dissatisfied because the Platform was not more pro-slavery!

Having achieved this result, the National Council adjourned to meet in New York in June next. The scenes of confusion and disorder by which these proceedings were attended we have not room to describe.

Next came the "National American Convention" (composed to a great extent of the same delegates), to which had been assigned the duty of nominating candidates for President and Vice-President. Judge Ephraim Marsh, of New Jersey, was chosen to preside. The war of rival delegations and platforms was opened afresh, and scenes of the wildest confusion and disorder were enacted. We have not the patience to follow the Convention through all the windings and twistings by which the final result was reached. Suffice it to say that all efforts to set aside the platform of the National Council proved abortive, and that the Convention, on motion of Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, voted, 151 to 51, to proceed to make nominations. In favour of this motion were all the Southern votes, all New York, half of Pennsylvania, a quarter of Ohio, two-thirds of Massachusetts and Wisconsin, and part of Illinois. Connecticut, Rhode Island, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts furnished the votes against it. It was now manifest that Mr. Fillmore would be the candidate, and the really *Northern* delegates (nearly 50 in number) withdrew. The Convention proceeded first to ballot informally, when it appeared that Fillmore was largely ahead of any other candidate. The formal ballot was taken on Monday evening, with the following result—the voting being not by individual delegates, as in the informal ballot, but by States, according to their Federal representation:

Millard Fillmore	179	Garret Davis	10
George Law	24	Sam Houston	3
Kenneth Raynor	14		
John McLean	13	Whole number	243
		Necessary to a choice	122

MILLARD FILLMORE, of New York, was then declared the nominee of the National American Convention for President of the United States.

Great excitement ensued, and the Convention was in a tremendous uproar for some moments.

Erastus Brooks, of New York, returned thanks to the South in behalf of Mr. Fillmore.

The Law men were terribly down in the mouth.

Gen. A. K. Call of Florida, Kenneth Raynor of North Carolina, Andrew J. Donelson of Tennessee, and several others, were named for the Vice-Presidency.

Speeches were made by Mr. Lake of Mississippi in behalf of Percy Walker's nomination, and by Mr. Call of Florida for Major A. J. Donelson of Tennessee.

A scene of great tumult ensued; and at last the voting for Vice-President commenced. The result of the ballot was as follows:

A. J. Donelson, of Tennessee	181
Percy Walker, of Mississippi	8
H. J. Gardner, of Massachusetts	8
Kenneth Raynor, of North Carolina	8

Andrew J. Donelson, of Tennessee, received the unanimous nomination for the Vice-Presidency.

Major Donelson was brought forward, and made a short speech, in which he accepted the nomination.

In the course of the struggle which preceded the nominations, and before the final vote which resulted in the virtual ratification of the new platform, bold words were uttered by some of the Northern delegates. Mr. Coffey, of Pa., "warned gentlemen of the South and Northern doughfaces that the outrage they were committing on Northern sentiment would result in their overwhelming and disgraceful defeat. They had given us a platform which either pledged us to admit Kansas and Nebraska as slave States, if they desired it, or which dodged the issue, and which also surrendered the Northern position that Congress had the power to exclude slavery from the Territories. They now intended to force upon that platform and upon us a man whom the North repudiated and despised. Your conspiracy will be a failure. I speak for Free Pennsylvania, and I tell you that your man will be beaten 50,000 in the State (cries of "Yes, yes, 100,000," &c.). In my own County (Indiana), where we gave, last year, the largest American majority in Pennsylvania, he cannot get 500 votes. It is the same in other sections of the State."

When it became clear, from the result of the informal ballot, that Fillmore would be nominated, those Southern delegates who had previously retired on account of their dissatisfaction with the

Convention. Mr. Giddings, being called out a second time, made a most impressive and stirring address.

Passmore Williamson was introduced by Judge Spaulding to the Convention as the victim of Kane. Mr. Williamson bowed to the audience, and was received with tremendous cheers by the meeting. In tones low and with a manner of the greatest modesty, he said he felt neither the disposition nor the ability to make a speech or take part in the proceedings of this meeting. He was gratified at the manner in which the announcement of his name had been received in this city, not only now, but on a former occasion. He had accidently been placed in a peculiar position which had brought his name before the public. He would make no speech, and withdrew amid renewed cheers.

The Committee on Organization reported on Saturday, through Mr. Julian, of Indiana. They recommended the holding of a National Republican Convention for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President, on Tuesday, the 17th of June next. Philadelphia, after some discussion, was agreed upon as the place for the meeting of this Convention. The following gentlemen were appointed to serve as a National Executive Committee, viz.:

EDWIN D. MORGAN, New York City, N. Y.
ANSEL K. HALLOWELL, Bangor, Me.
GEORGE G. FOGG, Concord, N. H.
LAWRENCE BRAINARD, St. Albans, Vt.
NATHANIEL P. BANKS, Jr., Waltham, Mass.
WM. CRANE, Jr., Providence, R. I.
JOHN M. NILES, Hartford, Ct.
C. M. K. PATTISON, Passaic, N. J.
DAVID WILMOT, Towanda, Pa.
FRANCIS P. BLAIR, Jr., St. Louis, Mo.
JOHN G. FEE, Cabin Creek, Lewis Co., Ky.
A. J. STEVENS, Fort Desmoines, Iowa.
A. P. STONE, Columbus, Ohio.
WM. GROSE, New Castle, Ind.
E. S. LELAND, Ottawa, Lasalle Co., Ill.
CHARLES DUREY, Marshall, Mich.
WYMAN SPOONER, Elkhorn, Wis.
FRANCIS P. BLAIR, Washington, D. C., Md.
LEWIS CLEPHANE, Washington, D. C.
CHARLES ROBINSON, Lawrence, Kansas.

Abijah Mann, Jr., of New York, from the Committee on Address and Resolutions, presented an Address, written by Lieutenant-Governor Raymond, of this State, which was read and adopted. It is long, and is not yet published. In the course of his remarks, before reading this address, Mr. Mann said: "If the United States Government proceeds to the shedding of blood for the purpose of having the infamous laws of the Border-Ruffian Legislature enforced, I give it to you as my deliberate conviction, and on my responsibility as a citizen, that it will be the end of human slavery in the land." This sentiment was received with terrific applause, which lasted several minutes.

The resolutions presented by the Committee were unanimously adopted, without discussion, as follows:

We do therefore declare to the people of the United States as objects for which we unite in political action:

1. That we demand and shall attempt to secure the repeal of all laws which allow the introduction of slavery into Territories once consecrated to freedom, and will resist, by every constitutional means, the existence of slavery in any of the Territories of the United States.

2. We will support, by every lawful means, our brethren in Kansas, in their constitutional and manly resistance to the usurped authority of their lawless invaders, and will give the full weight of our political power in favour of the immediate admission of Kansas to the Union as a free, sovereign and independent State.

3. Believing that the present National Administration has shown itself to be weak and faithless, and that its continuance in power is identified with the progress of the Slave Power to National supremacy, with the exclusion of freedom from the Territories, and with increasing civil discord, it is a leading purpose of our organization to oppose and overthrow it.

The Convention was exceedingly enthusiastic and harmonious from first to last, and its members appear to have been entirely satisfied with the result. The platform adopted is exceedingly low, made so, doubtless, in order to bring it on a level with voters weak in the faith of anti-slavery. No issue whatever is made upon the Fugitive Slave law, nor upon the exclusion of new slave States from the Union; slavery in the District of Columbia and the inter-State slave trade are to be undisturbed. If we were a politician, we might, perhaps, think this a very wise arrangement, but we confess that, from our standpoint, it looks like nothing but delusion and folly; marching up the hill with a tremendous flourish of trumpets, only to fire into the air, and then march down again. The Slave Power can never be successfully resisted until the North acquires courage to present the issue of "No union with slaveholders," and to stand upon it with unflinching and resolute purpose.

CHAS. SUMNER ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE Mercantile Library Association of Boston celebrated the recent anniversary of Washington's Birth-Day, taking due care that all the proceedings on the occasion should, as far as possible, contribute to the "Salvation of the Union," after the most approved style of Hunkerism. Edward Everett was the orator, Dr. Holmes the poet, Dr. Blagden the chaplain for the occasion. Hon. Charles Sumner, having been invited to attend the celebration, sent the following timely and courageous letter, which was probably just about as agreeable to the respectable old fogies who occupied the seats of honour as a cold shower-bath with the thermometer at zero.

WASHINGTON, 19th Feb., 1856.

DEAR SIR: I have been honoured with your invitation to be with the Mercantile Library Association on the 22d Feb. next. You know very well the happiness I find in any cooperation with the young men of that association; and I need not assure you of the gratification with which I should participate in any services calculated to exalt the example of Washington.

Particularly at this moment should it be invoked, when the Republic, which he helped to found, seems to shake with the first throes of civil war, engendered by an interest which was condemned by him during life and formally abjured by him at his death. His great name should now be employed for the suppression of that slave power which is the fruitful mother of so much wretchedness. It will not be enough to quote his parental words for Union. His example must be arrayed against the gigantic wrong which now disturbs this Union to its centre, and which, in the madness of its tyranny, destroys the very objects of Union.

The play of Othello without the part of Othello would be a barren spectacle; and the example of Washington without his testimony against the malevolent force which now disturbs the Republic would be hardly less barren. Let the young men of Boston be encouraged to dwell on those sentiments and acts which, while they elevate his name, apply with prevailing power to the existing state of things among us. Let them bear in mind that he declared it to be "*among his first wishes* to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be *abolished by law*"; that to promote this purpose he expressed a desire, in a recorded interview with a distinguished foreigner, for the formation of an Anti-Slavery Society; that on many occasions he condemned slavery; that, in congratulations to Lafayette on his purchase of a plantation with a view of emancipating the slaves, he exclaimed, "would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country"; and that, finally, by his last will and testament, written within one year of his death, he bore his practical testimony to those ideas and aspirations, by the emancipation of his slaves. With these things taken to heart, the example of Washington will exert its just conservative influence over the country, holding it back from the extension of that evil, against which he set himself, and arousing the general sentiment to repulse the aggressions which now threaten civil war. Then, indeed, will the Father of his Country, though dead, yet speak.

Believe me, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,
CHARLES SUMNER.

"THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE" is the watchword of a political party in Great Britain. The sentiment found a striking illustration in the trial of the fugitive slaves at Cincinnati the other day, when a force of two hundred and ninety-three special United States Marshals, picked from the porter-houses, brothels and gambling-hells of the city, were employed, at an expense of $1,000 per day, to aid the evangelically pious Mr. Gaines, of Kentucky, in kidnapping Mary Garner and her children. Would it not be a sight worth seeing to behold this company of jail-birds gathered in the Presbyterian Church of which Mr. Gaines is the chief supporter, and uniting with him in religious services. Imagine him, with pious fervour, lining for them the familiar hymn,

"How pleasant 'tis to see
Brethren and friends agree!"

and then leading them in a prayer of thanksgiving in view of the success of their efforts for the preservation of the Union!

We hear with alarm that Commissioner Pendery, considering such a force unnecessary, is likely to refuse his signature to the certificate, without which it will be impossible for them to get their pay from Congress. In that case, we advise them to present their claims to the General Assembly of the (Old School) Presbyterian Church, which, we will not permit ourselves to doubt, will suitably reward them for their services in behalf of "brother" Gaines.

FROM HAYTI.—The *Evening Post* publishes the following extract of a private letter dated at Cape Haytien, 29th January:

"The Haytians have again been beaten and driven back by the Dominicans, and the Emperor has returned here to-day with all his troops, some five or six thousand men; they have been coming into town since noon, and such a miserable looking set of objects I never beheld. Some hundreds or more of wounded were sent down in barges, and a vast number of dead are left behind in the bushes. This has been the most disastrous campaign the Haytians have ever made."

CONGRESS.

By the united votes of the Democrats and South Americans, the resolution offered on the 19th ult., by Mr. Hickman, from the Committee on Elections, granting power to send for persons and papers in the case of Reeder, was referred back to the Committee with instructions to report the grounds on which the power in question is asked. There is a determination on the part of the Administration and the South Americans to stifle investigation in this case, and it is a shame that they carried their point for the moment on account of the absence of Republican members. The struggle will be renewed when the Committee make their report, and it is to be hoped that the friends of Freedom in Kansas may achieve a triumph.

February 21st, in the House, Mr. Mace, of Indiana, introduced a bill to prevent the extension of slavery in the Territories north of 36 deg. 30 min. The reports say it caused "a sensation," but on which side of the House is not mentioned. A proposition from a Northern representative, virtually consenting to extend slavery, with all its crimes and horrors, over United States territory lying below a certain geographical line, certainly *ought* to produce a most profound "sensation" in the minds of all those who revere God and love liberty.

February 21st, Rev. Daniel Waldo, a revolutionary soldier of this State, 93 years of age, was elected Chaplain. The election of this old man, who was remaining quietly at home in the discharge of his parochial duties, was an excellent rebuke to the score or less of clerical borers who had been in Washington for weeks, begging for the office. Mr. Spinner, of this State, honoured himself by voting for Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, who, if we are not mistaken, was lately one of his constituents. Mr. Spinner was elected as a friend of the Administration, and it is only charitable to suppose that he is beginning to see the error of his ways.

In the Senate, on Monday, Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, replied to Mr. Wilson's speech on the Kansas question. It appears to have been a weak effort.

In the House, on Tuesday, a message was received from the President, covering a communication from the Secretary of War, recommending the appropriation of three millions of dollars to increase the efficiency of the various manufactories for supplying arms. This was regarded by some as a "war message," having reference to the condition of affairs between the United States and England.

KANSAS.

THE Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*, under date of Feb. 25th, writes as follows:

"Intelligence was received here yesterday from Missouri, giving assurance that the frontier Counties were disposed to submit to the proclamation of the President, and to forego any purpose that may have been entertained of interfering with the people of Kansas. Gov. Shannon was instructed by the President to visit these Counties personally, and to state the President's determination to employ the military power at his disposal, in resisting any invasion or aggression. The same instructions were given in regard to 'insurrectionary movements' inside the Territory. And the utmost caution has been enjoined upon the Governor and the commanding officers in regard to the use of this force under any condition of circumstances. It is understood here that the President has asked the Southern Senators and Representatives to stand by him in this determination to restrain incursions from Missouri, and that, so far as they have been consulted, no indisposition has been manifested.

"So far as the proposed Convention at Topeka is concerned, the present intention is to obtain a civil process of arrest against such State officers as may undertake to exercise authority, upon the ground that they are violating the law of the Territory in assuming functions to which they have not been properly elected, or which were not legally delegated to them. If resistance is made to the process, then and then only will the military be called in. But there is no good reason to apprehend any serious trouble if the precautions which have been taken on both sides are fairly carried out. The Free State men started a messenger on Wednesday, advising the Delegates to this Convention to meet, organize and adjourn without attempting any business whatever, but at the same time to put themselves in position to reassemble for that purpose at any other summons."

The following despatch appeared in the daily journals of this city on Wednesday:

CHICAGO, Tuesday, Feb. 26, 1856.

Saturday's *Missouri Democrat* has three letters from Kansas, dated the 14th, 15th and 18th, indicating the probable renewal of hostilities on the 4th of March, which is the time fixed for the inauguration of the new State officers.

Judge Elmore has advised the officers elect not to take the oath of office, as to do so will be treason. Robinson declares that he will take the oath of office if he is hanged the same hour.

The merchants of Kansas publish an appeal to the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce to use their influence to prevent further incursions into the Territory, as they will be obliged to open avenues of trade with the East through other States if their trade through Missouri continues to be interrupted.

MOBOCRACY IN KENTUCKY.—We learn from the Newport (Ky.) *Weekly News* that Alfred Burnett, Esq., of Cincinnati, having crossed the river, by request, on the evening of Feb. 1st, for the purpose of giving his professional assistance to Mrs. Curtis, a respectable lady of Newport, in a dramatic and musical entertainment arranged for her benefit, was beset by a company of ruffians, who treated him with great indignity. Learning, while on his way to the place of entertainment, with his wife and another lady, that the mob had locked the hall and were in waiting for him, with the evident purpose of doing him personal violence, he concluded to return with his company to Cincinnati. Soon, however, the mob came rushing after them. The *News* describes what followed:

"One fellow seized Mr. Burnett by the arm, and demanded him from his wife and friends as an Abolitionist, and insisted on his going back. Mr. Burnett protested against the outrage and disclaimed having said or intended to say anything about slavery, one way or another; but he was forced to go with the crowd, notwithstanding the kind entreaties of a crying wife to let them go home. One of the crowd asked him if he was an Abolitionist; to which he answered, 'it depends on what you call an Abolitionist; if it is one who will steal or run off negroes, I am not an Abolitionist; but I am opposed to slavery.' He said to the insulting crowd he had only come to perform for the benefit of Mrs. Curtis—that his wife was a Kentucky woman, and that the benefit of his services was for a Kentucky lady—that when he performed, on a similar occasion, a short time ago, for the benefit of the poor of Newport, there was nobody like "Alf. Burnett"; he was a first-rate clever fellow; not a word about slavery. Some called out for the tar and feathers—said they were all ready; others, a little more humane, said, "let the man go." He was finally returned to his wife by his captors, who claimed to be a committee appointed to return him to Ohio. The benefit of Mrs. Curtis was prevented by the inhumanity and mob spirit of Slavery, and Mr. Burnett, wife and friends were suffered to go on down to the river, followed by this mass of corruption, the shame and disgrace of our city, rattling old tin pans and oyster cans filled with gravel after them, hooting and hallooing in a most disgraceful manner."

The *News* very pertinently asks, what would be the consequence if the people of Cincinnati should treat Kentuckians in the same way when they have occasion to visit that city. It denounces the outrage in vigorous terms, and calls upon the officials of Newport to bring the ruffians to justice.

REV. WALTER SCOTT, Professor in Airedale College (near Manchester, Eng.), writing to Wilson Armistead, under date of Jan. 14th, says:

"The conduct of the American Churches, and I will add, of the Board of Missions, is, in one point of view, the strangest and most deplorable scene that the world presents, and, in another, one of the greatest mysteries of Divine Providence; still, we have God and the Gospel, and truth and justice, on our side, and must not despair. How deplorable it is that professed Christians have taught the heathen slavery, and rendered them fanatical in its support!

"I am glad that Mr. Conder has expressed himself so decidedly on the subject. I should act in the same way if I had a pulpit, which I have not now."

Professor Scott alludes here to the Rev. Mr. Conder's speech, which appeared in last week's STANDARD. While the greater portion of the so-called Evangelical Churches in the United States are lending their whole influence to sustain slavery, and while even such of them as are in a certain sense anti-slavery stultify themselves through their ecclesiastical relations with slaveholders and their apologists, it is encouraging to receive these faithful testimonies from influential clergymen on the other side of the water.

HON. GERRIT SMITH was in the city several days during the last and the present week. He told us that, on his way hither, he stopped for a time at Albany, where he was gratified on being told that Mr. Garrison had recently spoken twice in that city, to large audiences, in the Representatives' Hall, and that he made a strong and highly favourable impression upon members of the Legislature and citizens who heard him. Much astonishment was expressed by many who had never seen him before, and whose impressions of him had been formed from newspaper denunciation, in view of his calm, logical and dispassionate treatment of the slavery question, his entire freedom from everything like rant, and the earnestly religious spirit exhibited in his discourses.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

CINCINNATI, February 22, 1856.

THE Slave Case seems for the present to have come to a "dead lock," and what will be the end it is hard to predict. The Commissioner appointed yesterday, at 10 A. M., as the time for giving his decision, and at the appointed hour a large concourse of people had assembled, filling the Court-room and street adjoining, but the prisoners were not forthcoming. The Sheriff of the County has them in his custody, and refused to let the United States Marshal have them again, and under these circumstances the Commissioner deferred his decision until Tuesday, the 26th. It appears that on the previous day the Sheriff, having been notified that the Commissioner would expect the fugitives to be present at the time he gave his decision, appeared before Judge Carter, of our Court of Common Pleas, to make a return to the capias in his hands for the arrest of the blacks. The return offered was (in effect) that the persons mentioned in the capias were found in the custody of the United States Marshal, who declined giving them up. This the Judge said could not be received as a true return, as they were in fact confined in the jail under the control of the Sheriff, and after some conversation the Sheriff amended his return, so as to state that the prisoners were in his possession as required in the writ, and this was received by the Court. The fugitives are therefore now *fully and fairly* under the charge of *the State authorities*, and it is to be seen whether the United States Marshal can obtain possession of them again. The truth is, the Sheriff has considered them as in his custody from the first, and only agreed to let them be taken from prison during the trial out of respect for the National authorities. He holds them now by virtue of a capias, issued by an indictment by the Grand Jury for murder, and under this will, no doubt, hold them till a trial has been had.

The escape of slaves from bondage to a land of freedom is about the only business that goes on vigorously here at present. There is no telling how many have crossed the river and made good their escape in the last four weeks. Very few such cases, comparatively, get into the United States Courts. Two or three nights since, six slaves, three men, two women and a child, belonging to Mr. Wilburne, of Kenton County, Ky., made their escape from bondage and crossed the ice into this State, a short distance below the Fifth Street Ferry. On the 9th inst. (according to the Maysville *Eagle*), five slaves from the lower end of Mason County, Ky., took a sleigh ride, and crossed the Ohio river. Neither the sleigh, horses or blacks have ever been heard of since. P.

DEBATE IN THE GEORGIA LEGISLATURE.—Everywhere, East, West, North and South, the question of slavery is uppermost. The "agitation" which our politicians have again and again assured us was put forever to rest, invades not Congress alone, but the State Legislatures even of the South! Read the Debate in the Legislature of Georgia, which will be found on the first page; witness the anxiety exhibited by the slaveholders to make Kansas a slave State, and yet note their confessions of weakness and imbecility; see how they shrink from measures which require pecuniary sacrifice; and, above all, note the avowed distrust they feel of the non-slaveholding whites, and the confession that this class is more needed to support slavery at home than to establish it in Kansas. We don't wonder that the proposition to draw from the State treasury the means of sending the poor non-slaveholding whites to Kansas was voted down, when it was known that of eighty-nine emigrants of this class, already sent from Tennessee, eighty, on arriving in the Territory and witnessing the conduct of Atchison and his horde of villains, had deserted to the Free State cause!

Mr. Jones, of Muscogee, said: "I take the broad position that the existence of slavery and the existence of this Union are intimately associated. *When the one falls, the other follows it.*" He would save it by colonizing poor Southern whites in Kansas. Mr. Harris, of Fulton, declared, "The Union is in danger, and it begins to shudder and tremble with the coming peril"; and in a tone of alarm, he asks, "Is this, then, the time for depopulating Georgia?" He would keep these poor whites at home, the better to be prepared for "the troublous times that loom up before us."

We commend this debate to the attention of those who affect to believe that the anti-slavery agitation has only served to strengthen the cause of slavery. The slaveholders of Georgia evidently hold a very different opinion.

SLAVERY OF SLAVEHOLDERS.—How true it is that you cannot fasten a chain upon a fellow-being without putting one end of that chain around your own neck. The slaveholders are themselves also slaves. An illustration of this is seen in the case of Archibald K. Gaines, the claimant of Mary Garner and her children at Cincinnati, who, though a man of wealth and standing in the place of his residence, could not prevent the mob from driving away by threats two English ladies who were residing in his family, and whom the chivalry took it into their sagacious heads had instigated the slaves to escape. They were obliged to leave suddenly to avoid lynching. The slaveholders have no idea that a slave ever runs away "of his own motion," but whenever that anomaly occurs there is supposed to be an Abolitionist somewhere instigating him to steal himself. Though Mary Garner hated slavery so intensely as to be willing to kill her own child to save it therefrom, the Kentuckians still insist that she was enticed away by some white agent of the Underground Railroad.

PARKER PILLSBURY writes to Rev. Samuel May, Jr., under date of Lentonfield, near Nottingham (Eng.), Jan. 18th, as follows:

"I have had one crowded lecture in Derby, in a hall holding five hundred people, but we were assured that more were turned away than could gain admission. The Mayor then offered me the City Hall for a second lecture, and will, if he can, take the chair. I keep out of all large places generally, it so exhausts me to speak in them. But I have tried the Exchange Hall once here in Nottingham, and shall make the attempt of the City Hall for my second Derby lecture, next Tuesday evening. But it will not do for me to risk it often to go into rooms larger than will comfortably hold five hundred persons.

"The Mayor of Nottingham presided at the meeting with great cheerfulness. At the close of the lecture, which was a long one, with a very large audience, it was enthusiastically voted to adjourn to meet again at my earliest convenience, for another lecture. It will come off on the 28th inst. Next week will be my other meeting at Derby, and there is also one next to follow at *Leicester*. Then I have had one meeting at Beeston, four miles from Nottingham, and two or three dinner or tea parties, so that my time and strength are fully occupied. More work offers, by far, than I can safely perform."

SENATOR WILSON.—The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* says:

"To Senator Wilson belongs the distinction of first ripping up the Kansas discussion in the Senate. In his speech of Tuesday, he opened the case in behalf of the free State men against Governor Shannon, with a plainness of language which excited the ire of some Southern Senators to a degree unprecedented during the present Congress. It is also said that in executive session, while he was opposing Shannon's confirmation as Governor of Kansas, he was openly, and in the most marked manner, insulted by three of his official associates. Wilson is a considerable accession to the effective force of the Republicans in the Senate, from the constitutional activity and ardour with which he enters into the arena of the controversy. Unlike Seward and Sumner, he does not reserve himself for defence, but evidently intends to break down his opponents by continual aggressive attacks. The policy of his friends in the Senate appears to have been to fire off a few heavy guns—to make a few elaborate speeches when called upon, and then repose. The Massachusetts Senator must be a believer in the doctrine that 'short and frequent blows kill the devil.' It would not be strange if he should have to bear the brunt of the Kansas fight on his side of the Senate."

LIGHT FOR THE SOUTH.—A gentleman at the South writes to Rev. S. May, Jr., for a copy of all the Tracts issued by the American Anti-Slavery Society. He says: "I can do much good with them here, but will have to be cautious with them. Several which I brought with me from Massachusetts are read with avidity by a certain class here. Slavery is not so strong in the South as many suppose. Some persons here, who do not own slaves, are as good anti-slavery men as I ever desire to see, but they are cautious in talking about it."

What a commentary upon our boasted freedom is this necessity for "caution" in the dissemination of arguments against slavery!

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The opening article of No. 614, "German Wit: Heinrich Heine," from the *Westminster*, will be welcome to readers of every class; and "A Military Adventure in the Pyrenees," from *Blackwood*, not less so. There is, besides, the usual variety of short articles, including several on European politics. New York: 343 Broadway.

The *San Antonio* (Texas) *Reporter* learns that Martin Kozta, the Hungarian, has purchased a farm on the Medina, for which he paid $9,000.

ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.

THE Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have issued the following Tracts for gratuitous distribution:

No. 1. THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION, EXAMINED.
No. 2. WHITE SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.
No. 3. COLONIZATION. By Rev. O. B. Frothingham.
No. 4. DOES SLAVERY CHRISTIANIZE THE NEGRO? By Rev. T. W. Higginson.
No. 5. THE INTER-STATE SLAVE TRADE. By John G. Palfrey.
No. 6. THE "RUIN" OF JAMAICA. By Richard Hildreth.
No. 7. REVOLUTION THE ONLY REMEDY FOR SLAVERY.
No. 8. TO MOTHERS IN THE FREE STATES. By Mrs. E. L. Follen.
No. 9. INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY UPON THE WHITE POPULATION. By a Lady.
No. 10. SLAVERY AND THE NORTH. By C. C. Burleigh.
No. 11. DISUNION OUR WISDOM AND OUR DUTY. By Rev. Charles E. Hodges.
No. 12. ANTI-SLAVERY HYMNS AND SONGS. By Mrs. E. L. Follen.
No. 13. THE TWO ALTARS; OR, TWO PICTURES IN ONE. By Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.
No. 14. "HOW CAN I HELP TO ABOLISH SLAVERY?" OR, COUNSELS TO THE NEWLY CONVERTED. By Maria W. Chapman.
No. 15. WHAT HAVE WE, AS INDIVIDUALS, TO DO WITH SLAVERY? By Susan C. Cabot.
No. 16. THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY; AND ITS POLICY OF SUPPRESSION AND SILENCE. Being the Unanimous Remonstrance of the Fourth Congregational Society, Hartford, Ct.
No. 17. THE GOD OF THE BIBLE AGAINST SLAVERY. By Rev. Charles Beecher.

All donations for the Tract Fund, or for the circulation of any particular Tract of the above series, should be sent to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Fifty dollars will stereotype an eight-page tract, and print *five thousand copies of it.*

Application for the above Tracts, for gratuitous distribution, should be made to SAMUEL MAY, Jr., 21 Cornhill, Boston; to the Anti-Slavery Offices, 138 Nassau street, New York, and 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia; to JOEL MCMILLAN, Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio; or to JACOB WALTON, Jr., Adrian, Michigan.

Summary.

TWINS AND TRIPLETS.—A few days since, the wife of Rev. Horace James, of this city, gave birth to two children at one time, and since then the wife of Rev. George Bushnell, also of this city, has given birth to *three* children, all at one time.—*Worcester Spy.*

SLAVES AND FREE COLOURED PERSONS.—A bill is before the Maryland Legislature to prevent slaves and free coloured persons from holding Bush Meetings for religious worship, and also to prevent free coloured persons from allowing slaves to remain about their premises after 10 o'clock at night, unless by written permission of their owners, &c.

THE CROSS AND THE CHAIN.—The Syracuse *Chronicle* says that a gentleman of that city, who lately returned from the South, saw, on a Sunday, a coachman at church chained to the wheel of the carriage, the chain being round the poor fellow's neck, and then fastened to the carriage, so as to prevent his escape. His master was inside partaking of the sacrament!

NEBRASKA AND THE BORDER RUFFIANS.—A meeting of the citizens of Otoe County, Nebraska Territory, opposed to the extension of slavery, was held in Nebraska City on the 23d ult. Resolutions were passed sympathizing with the Free-State men in Kansas, and severely censuring the course taken by the Missouri ruffians in interfering with the affairs of the Territory.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW.—It is stated that the Committee on this subject have agreed, by a considerable majority, to report a bill making some alterations in the law of last year. There will probably be a minority report in favour of repeal: and when the question comes before the Legislature, it is likely that an attempt will be made to procure a reference of the subject to the Supreme Court.

Liberal donations continue to pour into the Relief Fund for Kansas. Among the late contributions are $270 from the citizens of Augusta, Me., in addition to the $300 from the Maine Legislature, $1,000 from Newcastle, Ind., $200 from Westminster, $100 from West Boylston. Rev. J. F. Clark preached a sermon in behalf of Kansas, at the Indiana street Chapel, Boston, Sunday, and a liberal contribution was taken.

INSTRUCTIVE.—Mr. Aiken, who was beaten by Mr. Banks, inherited a fortune of more than a million of dollars. Mr. Banks served his time as a machinist, and is not to-day worth $2,000 in the world. Mr. Aiken owns more than 1,500 slaves. Mr. Banks has a wife and two children, and worked twenty years of his life in a machine shop! Mr. Aiken represented the Slave Power; Mr. Banks the free muscle and spirit of the country. Mr. Aiken was beaten by Mr. Banks!

NEWSPAPER STOCK.—Three thousand five hundred dollars were offered, yesterday, for one share of the New York *Tribune*. This would make the one hundred shares, into which that establishment was divided a few years ago, worth $350,000. The par value of each share is $1,000. We congratulate our neighbours on their immense pecuniary success, and confess that Abolitionism pays better than Unionism. It is hard work sculling up Niagara Falls with a crow-bar.—*Eve. Mirror.*

THE CAVALIERS IN VIRGINIA.—Mr. Grigsby, a Virginian of distinguished ability and learning, in a discourse on the Virginia Convention of 1776, refutes the current notion that Virginia is indebted for anything good or great in its early history to the Cavaliers—who were, with few exceptions, but a parcel of butterflies (with their plumage very much tarnished)—the mere drones in the hives of the industrious colonists.

Miss Sarah Pellet, of North Brookfield, who has been lecturing on temperance, for a year past, in California and Oregon, has returned to New York. The San Francisco *Chronicle* says that during the last twelve months she has delivered more lectures and speeches than any man in the State ever did in the same time. Sarah graduated at Oberlin, and it is not surprising that she should be a prodigious talker. *Mass. Spy.*

A merchant lately suspended in Newbern, North Carolina, and not being able (?) to pay in full, decided to exclude all *Northern* creditors. Where is the Union Safety Committee? Let us have another Castle Garden meeting. Our New York merchants will please remember that a law now exists in North Carolina, permitting an administrator in settling an estate, after paying all *home debts* to plead "*Plene Administravit*" (fully administered)—a *refinement* of repudiation.—*Independent.*

COLOURED MILITARY COMPANY.—Robert Morris, J. W. Clark, and others of our coloured citizens, have petitioned the Legislature for a special enactment authorizing them to organize as an independent military company, on the model of the volunteer companies of the Commonwealth. The petitioners are already organized as a private military association, and are the proprietors of a handsome stand of arms. The uniform they propose to adopt is of dark blue cloth, ornamented with simple white or gold trimmings.—*Boston Post.*

CONTRADICTION DIRECT.—The laws of Virginia relating to slavery are as mild, almost, as any human being could wish.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

Be it enacted and declared by this General Assembly, If any slave resist his master (or other by his master's order correcting him), and by the extremity of the correction should chance to die, that death shall not be accounted felony, but the master (or other person appointed by the master to punish him) be acquit from molestation.—*Statutes of Virginia.*

Comment is unnecessary.

The Kansas *Freeman* says that the officers are rather puzzled how to apply a provision of the law in that Territory relating to the right of Indians to vote. The law says that Indians who have "adopted the *habits of white men*" shall vote, and the difficulty is to settle what shall be a sufficient proof of such adoption. The last one suggested is that the "Abregyne" shall be made to drink a pint of raw Kansas whiskey. If he does it, he can go in; if not, he must stand back till he has acquired that valuable political accomplishment.

GERMAN DEVOTION.—Those who grow weary under a sermon of over thirty minutes may profitably contemplate the long-suffering of the Germans. A traveller writes of a Sabbath's experience in a village church near Hamburg: "The forenoon service was only five hours in length and the afternoon service four hours. The long prayer was over an hour; the explanation of a reading in Psalms was about an hour, and the sermon over two hours. The hymns were sixteen stanzas long, and eight lines to a stanza. The choir in the evening lit lights while singing, and then extinguished them. The preacher took his tea at ten o'clock at night, and being asked by his guests if he was not fatigued, said he was not in the least."

U. G. R. R.—We understand that forty-seven fugitives have been despatched to Canada by the Underground Railroad since the commencement of the fugitive case now pending before United States Commissioner Pendery. A friend in Covington has told us of an extraordinary fugitive case, which may have made one of the above number. The fugitive was an old woman, nearly seventy years of age, who had been confined to her room with rheumatism for some months, during which she had been waited upon assiduously and tenderly by her mistress. She had only been able to go about for two or three weeks, and chose the very coldest weather we have had for her flight. The enthusiasm among the slaves must be high if it reaches persons of her class.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

HOW INDIAN WARS ARE PROVOKED.—*El Paso, Texas*, Jan. 11.—We found, along the valley, a general complaint of the Indian depredations. The winter is very severe upon the poor Indians. Their principal depredations have been committed in the Mesilla valley, the territory acquired by the last treaty. But in making inquiry, as we passed that region, we learned, as is usually the case, that occasion had been given by the whites for retaliation. An army officer informed me that a daughter of one of the chiefs was found riding alone, by some white men—Mexicans or Americans. She was torn from her horse and her person violated by them, and then kicked and otherwise abused, and let go. The next day some two or three of them were found dead, and of course the cry raised of Indian murders.—*Cor. Evening Post.*

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN QUESTION.—Mr. Wilson's speech on the Central American question, to-day, is considered one of the best of the session. When he commenced, many of the Administration Senators vacated their seats, with the evident and chivalrous purpose of signifying their dislike to the speaker, who holds his commission by the same tenure with themselves, and from a State far the superior of any represented by the chivalry in point of population, commerce, intelligence, enterprise, or substantial wealth and prosperity. But they crowded back, one by one, attracted by the speech of the Senator from Massachusetts, and gave him quite a full Senatorial audience ere he had done. As you already know, he took bold and decided ground against England's diplomacy, and in favour of abrogating the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and crowding John Bull out of Central America.—*Cor. Times.*

NOT A GOOD EAR FOR MUSIC.—The Indianapolis (Ia.) *Sentinel* don't like the music of the Hutchinsons. It thus groans over the late visit of the minstrels to that place:

"We understand that this fanatical troupe of Abolition singers, at their concert at Masonic Hall, on Tuesday night, sang several pieces in which such men as Edward Everett, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Gen. Cass, and others, were made the subjects of burlesque and ridicule. Such songs may suit the people of Massachusetts, Vermont, or New Hampshire; they may do to sing at gatherings where the Declaration of Independence is burned, and the Constitution denounced as a 'league with hell,' the Hutchinsons may sing such songs where such men as Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Wm. Lloyd Garrison or Joshua R. Giddings are allowed to blaspheme the name of God, denounce the Bible as a book of fables, and our glorious Republic as a 'stink pot of tyranny and absolutism'; but they will not suit the honest, Constitution-revering and patriotic people of the North-West, and especially will they not suit the people of Indiana. The Hutchinsons should return to their own State, where their vocal powers are acknowledged, and their abolition doctrines are admired. They will find the West a little too loyal to our national institutions to spend much admiration on either their musical talents or their fanatical political tenets.

ANOTHER LAURA BRIDGMAN.—A correspondent of the Detroit *Advertiser* states that Abby A., a daughter of C. C. Dillaway, Fall River, Mass., is one of the wonders of the age. She is deaf, dumb and blind, her right limbs are paralyzed, she is confined to her bed, cannot be moved much without being thrown into a fit—yet she will converse fluently with the mute alphabet, writes very legibly with her left hand, reads common writing on a paper or slate, or print (if the book be not too much worn), by passing her fingers over the words. She will also distinguish the different colours of a variegated dress in the same way. She has wrought several pieces of crewel work that would be a credit to any girl of her age, selecting and arranging all the colours by feeling, and using only her left hand. She plays draughts and backgammon expertly. She knows when any one comes into the room by the jar of the bed (on which she constantly lies), and can in this way distinguish the different members of the family.

AFRAID OF "A NIGGER IN THE FENCE."—Quite a little excitement has just grown out of the action of a Literary Association in Dubuque. It appears that the Rev. George H. Gould had been engaged to lecture before the Association. The subject of the lecture—"Property of the Market and of the Man"—awakened the suspicion that it might touch on abolition, and on his arrival the lecturer was questioned as the contents of the lecture. He informed the officers of the Society that the lecture contained general allusions to politics, and a eulogistic reference to Charles Sumner. It was immediately decided that this would never do, and that the lecture could not be delivered.

The matter becoming known, Mr. Gould was invited to remain and give his lecture before the citizens of the place, which he did, and his lecture is spoken of in the highest terms. The Dubuque *Tribune* says it "was not only unexceptionable in its character, but was also one of the most chaste, finished and able productions we have ever had the pleasure of listening to in Dubuque."—*Chicago Democrat, Jan. 30.*

SUPPORTING THE GOSPEL.—The Hard Shell Baptists seem to be furnishing a variety of amusing matters just now. A correspondent writes:

"This sect (the Hard Shells) are in the habit of holding a yearly association in our vicinity, generally in a piece of woods near to a good spring. The brethren from abroad are quartered upon those in the neighbourhood of the meeting; and these are required, of course, to lay in a good supply of the creature comforts, and among them, as the most important, a plenty of whiskey. A short time ago, such a place having been selected, the brethren near by were busy putting up benches, and making the place ready, when brother Smith said:

"'Wall, Brother Gobbin, what preparations have you made to home for the big association?'

"'Why, I've laid in a barrel of flour or so, and a gallon of whiskey.'

Brother Smith expressed great contempt at this preparation. "A gallon of whiskey for a big meetin'. Why, I've laid in a whole bar'l; and you're jest as well able, Brother Gobbin, as I am to *support the gospel*."—*Harper's Mag.*

The inauguration of that very bad bronze equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson, by Clark Mills, took place at New Orleans, with a copious and magnificent ceremonial, on the 9th of February. We find no compliments written out in favour of the artist, so we shall let the matter rest artistically. In the *Picayune's* account, covering nearly five columns, is the following manly paragraph, which should wet the patriotic eye, while it crimsons the cheek:

"There were also the Coloured Veterans, with their inimitable drummer, honoured and honouring the occasion by their presence."

Can these be of the same stuff as the coloured veterans legally called "one remove above the brute," on the Pandelly trial, and all New Orleans approving of the classification? Patriots, heroes, veterans, honoured and honouring the occasion, and yet coloured! Put this against the slave trial now at Cincinnati; against the slave market of New Orleans; against the whole theory and practice of the South on slavery, and eke out its logic if you can.—*Tribune.*

WILSON ON SHANNON.—The *Union* exults over the fact that, immediately after Senator Wilson's offer

Miscellaneous Department.

INSTANS TYRANNUS.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Of the million or two, more or less,
I rule and possess,
One man, for some cause undefined,
Was least to my mind.

I struck him, he grovelled of course—
For, what was his force?
I pinned him to the earth with my weight
And persistence of hate—
And he lay, would not moan, would not curse,
As if lots might be worse.

"Were the object less mean, would he stand
At the swing of my hand?
For obscurity helps him and blots
The hole where he squats."
So I set my five wits on the stretch
To inveigle the wretch.
All in vain! gold and jewels I threw,
Still he crouched there perdue.
I tempted his blood and his flesh,
Hid in roses my mesh,
Choicest cates and the flagon's best spilth—
Still he kept to his filth.

Had he kith now or kin, were access
To his heart, if I press—
Just a son or a mother to seize—
No such booty as these!
Were it simply a friend to pursue
'Mid my million or two,
Who could pay me in person or pelf
What he owes me himself.
No! I could not but smile through my chafe—
For the fellow lay safe
As his mates do, the midge and the nit,
—Through minuteness, to wit.

Then a humour more great took its place
At the thought of his face,
The droop, the low cares of the mouth,
The trouble uncouth
'Twixt the brows, all that air one is fain
To put out of its pain—
And, no, I admonish myself,
"Is one mocked by an elf,
Is one baffled by toad or by rat?
The gravamen's in that!
How the lion, who crouches to suit
His back to my foot,
Would admire that I stand in debate!
But the small is the Great
If it vexes you—that is the thing!
Toad or rat vex the King?
Though I waste half my realm to unearth
Toad or rat, 'tis well worth!"

So I soberly laid my last plan
To extinguish the man.
Round his creep-hole—with never a break—
Ran my fires for his sake;
Overhead, did my thunders combine
With my under-ground mine;
Till I looked from my labour content
To enjoy the event.

When sudden.....how think ye, the end?
Did I say "without friend"?
Say rather, from marge to blue marge
The whole sky grew his targe
With the sun's self for visible boss,
While an Arm ran across
Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast
Where the wretch was safe prest!
Do you see? just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
—So, *I* was afraid!

SIGNOR MASONI.

FROM THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF THE LATE MR. BROWN.

(A FANTASY PIECE.)

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[CONCLUDED.]

IV.

Two or three weeks after the conversation above sketched, I found Masoni, on returning to my room from "a winter walk at noon" in the Thiergarten, in one of his fierce paroxysms of excitement—face livid, eyes distended and filled with the old expression of half fear, half horror—pacing the floor in restless agitation.

"What *is* the matter now, Masoni?"

"I have seen them. They are at the Hotel du Nord."

"Seen whom?"

"Old Massa and the young Misses!"

It was a curious fact that he could never break himself of the plantation pronunciation of those words when much excited.

"It may be," returned I, "but you have no reason to be so agitated about it. It is perfectly ridiculous. Be a man. You are as safe from them as the king himself. Have you no idea of the changes wrought in your looks in a dozen years? Besides, here you are in Europe, and I am the only man this side the ocean who has the remotest suspicion that you were ever a slave. Pshaw! you are as safe as I am."

I soon calmed him, and he felt ashamed of the foolish terror he had exhibited. The constitutional weakness which was its cause was Masoni's misfortune.

I found, upon examining the strangers' list, that he was probably right, in taking the strangers, whom he had seen passing from a carriage into the hotel, for his old master and his daughters; for I read: "*Mason, rentier, aus Washington, und zwei Fräulein Mason.*"

Subsequent events have recalled forcibly to my memory the extraordinary fascination Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons" had for him. I believe he knew the whole by heart. I have still a copy which he accidentally left one day upon my table; a copy quite worn out by repeated perusals. But not to anticipate. The Masons, as we learned at the Consul's, left Berlin after a few days' visit, for Paris, where they were to remain several months.

Some vague, indefinite thought began to rule Masoni, in consequence of which he renewed his studies and practice with every energy of his soul. He hardly allowed himself time to eat and sleep, and at last gave up his place in Liebig's orchestra, as he said, to save the time of the rehearsals. I doubt if he had any definite plan before him; if he had, he said nothing to me about it. At the end of January, as I find by referring to my daily memoranda of that period, Masoni came up one morning, as he said, to thank me for all my kindness to him and to bid me good bye!

"What! are you going away?"

"Yes, to Paris."

"To Paris?"

"Yes, I am resolved to do something and be a man! I have lost too much time already; and if I succeed, we keep the secret no longer. You will guard it still for a short space?"

"Thank God! Masoni, that you will no longer let your talents rust. I *know* you will succeed, and oh, how proud I shall be to say, the great violinist, Masoni, is my friend and was once a slave!"

We spent the day together, and he was all I could wish. His arrangements to draw his money from Leipzig, in case of need, were all successfully made, and as he left me in the ten o'clock evening train for Cologne—for I went with him down to the station—he gave me a joyous, parting look, full of confidence and of high spirits, with the closing remark: "You shall hear of me yet!"

And so I did.

From his letters and those of other friends, I learned that Signor Masoni, the elegant and accomplished violinist and man, introduced by most favourable certificates from the best musicians in Leipzig, had had no difficulty in making his way into the salons of the great town of Vanity. I heard of him as the most popular artist in high circles; the petted favourite; the master without whom no private soirée was complete; of the competition among wealthy amateurs to be numbered with his pupils; of his haughty refusals to appear before the common public, but of his willingness to lend his aid to every charity. One had heard of the astonishment he had excited in this salon, another of his great performance at that; and about a month after his departure a friend gave me some notice of his movements and added: "The beautiful Miss Mason is said to be quite in love with the handsome Signor; she is a very fine musician, thanks to an old German, her teacher when she was a girl—and their performance of the violin and piano sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven is said to be superb. They play together almost daily."

Masoni wrote me often and most affectionately, and spoke of his great success in modest but warm language. Here is a passage from a letter, dated April 29th, 1850, a letter to me of special interest, as it was the last I received from him:

"You ask me about my old master's family, and the particulars of my introduction into it. The first question is easily answered; the other I will answer when we meet again. The oldest daughter is married in Virginia; the sons are there also; and the household here consists of Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Miss Sarah, and a much younger daughter, Julia. Old Peter, now with head like the snow, who was, ever since I can remember, *Major Domo*, is here with them. Of the intellectual capacities of them all you have heard enough. I sometimes smile when I think of the effect a certain piece of information by and by will make upon the weak and proud heads of the family.

"Miss Sarah is a magnificent woman! Beautiful as the day, a beauty to which her pride lends a noble dignity and a fascinating charm. She plays like an angel and surpasses any woman I have ever heard in throwing soul into her performances.

"Oh, what a beautiful thing it is, after all, to be an artist, such, as I may say to a friend like you, I am or have tried to be—at all events have the reputation of being—which certainly will read more modestly. Beautiful, because it opens the door of the most refined, cultivated and intellectual, and brings you into circles where every word spoken, every idea conveyed purifies and adorns your inner life. Think what a heaven upon earth I am enjoying in the society of the noble, cultivated and beautiful women, whom I daily meet! I, whose companions until I reached manhood were but little better than the beasts that perish, whose female society then for three years consisted almost exclusively of the dear, but antiquated, daughters of Mr. Bigelow, and who since leaving America have had *no* female society, owing to the non-intercourse between the sexes, except in case of special introduction, which is the social law of Germany. And how exquisitely beautiful are the freedom and mutual regard and hearty politeness, the brother-and-sister-like confidence, which are the characteristics of American society, so far as I can see it here, in the social laws which rule the intercourse of the young men and women. I labour hard, but it is a delightful labour. The devil seems to have left me. Have I not *reason* to be happy?"

[*Copied by permission.]

My reply to this letter remained unanswered; and as week after week passed away and I heard nothing from Masoni, I became exceedingly anxious concerning him. As Wilkins paid me a parting visit in June, coming to Berlin, on his way to Paris, and thence home, I urged him to seek out Masoni and write me the reason of his incomprehensible silence. Wilkins wrote me June 30th, and from his letter I quote the following:

"As to Masoni, he has disappeared. The Masons have left for Italy, and there is a story afloat among the Americans that Miss Sarah has something to do with his disappearance. They also say that there was a grand scene at the Masons's hotel, in which Masoni was a principal actor, but no particulars are known. This is every word I can learn about him."

V.

"*Herr Brown, der Masoni war hier heut und wünschte Sie sehr zu sprechen. Ach, Herr Je! Er sieht sehr schlecht aus!*" (Mr. Brown, Masoni was here to day and wished greatly to speak with you. Oh, Heavens, he looks miserably!) said good Frau Rosenhagen to me about a week after the receipt of Wilkins's letter.

"Where is he to be found?"

"He gave no address, but said he would come again in the morning."

Sure enough, he did look wretchedly as he entered the room in the evening. A more miserable being I have seldom, if ever, seen. Pale, haggard, wild and disordered in his dress—the victim of a mental, perhaps moral, struggle, which had almost killed him.

"What under heaven, Masoni"—I could go no farther.

"Ah, Brown," said he with a ghastly smile, which I sometimes dream of to this day, "I had my revenge! but it has killed me."

I was too much overcome with his appearance to speak, and after a time he continued: "I am at times fully persuaded that the old plantation superstitions of the devil getting actual possession of a man are not mere imaginations; and that there is a demon of some sort within me, whose object now is attained—my ruin, soul and body."

In this strain he continued for a long time, and I thought best to let him talk himself out, incoherent as was much that he said.

Several days passed before I succeeded in getting a clear conception of what had occurred, the substance of which was this:

The only definite idea he had in his mind, when he went to Paris, was to play the part of a great artist, to secure the friendship and respect of his old master and family, to secure by purchase or otherwise, through a third person, the recognition of his freedom, and at length to cover them all with confusion by the announcement that the favoured and flattered Masoni was none other than the runaway Dick. But a vague and indistinct vision of something beyond—drawn evidently from the "Lady of Lyons"—floated formless, but always there, before his imagination. Fortunately (or the reverse?) for him, American musical students had carried his fame to our countrymen in Paris, and, as two or three of these students were still there, old acquaintances of his, he was soon included in all invitations extended to them. But he instinctively felt that to secure the social position among the American residents, for which he was anxious, his admittance into their society must have some other basis than that of mere virtuosity. The elegant and refined Signor Masoni—he whose fame echoed from the salons of the most exclusive circles of the French capital—for there were in 1850 few traces of *Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité* left—was too marked an ornament to every social gathering in which he deigned to appear, to be shut out because he made it an indispensable proviso that he should not be called upon to exhibit his powers upon the violin in mixed companies. He was ever ready to perform his share in accompanying any lady who favoured her friends with a song—which he did remarkably well—and never refused to take his turn at that instrument when dancing was made the amusement of the evening. On general occasions, when the Masons were not present, and the social circle was small and composed of such persons as would appreciate him, he sent for his Cremona and exhibited his art—the effect of his music being now as joyous as it had formerly been melancholy.

Within a month after his arrival in Paris, he had met his old master and the family several times, and had passed one or two evenings at their hotel. One evening—the date he remembered as being associated with the events of 1848, it was Feb. 28th—he met the Masons at an evening party, to which he had accepted an invitation only upon the usual terms. He had had more conversation than on any former occasion with Miss Sarah, during which something in her manner told him that under all her politeness was still a feeling of superiority to one whose extraction and previous life were so veiled in mystery. While carrying on a lively chat with another young lady, who was evidently proud of her companion, his thoughts were occupied with this, and a feeling of mortification disturbed him.

"I do wish you would ask him to play," said a young lady's voice at a little distance.

"My dear young lady," said the master of the house, "the Signor is invited here as a friend, not as an artist. Your know his aversion to playing in mixed companies, and it would be an outrage on delicacy for me to request him to pay for his evening's entertainment, in music! You must indeed excuse me."

"But Bell Hastings has been telling us how splendidly he played at their house, Wednesday evening, and I am dying to hear him," returned the young lady.

"That is a mere American exaggeration," said Mr. B., "for I certainly never saw you look so charmingly. Happy for me that I am a grave and reverend Signior!"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said the voice; "what a provoking man you are, with your delicacy! I say, Miss Mason, Miss Sarah Mason, I mean," continued the young lady after a moment's pause, "you ask him. I *know* he can't refuse you, with your great, grand, winning way."

"We will see as to that, thought I," said Masoni, as he described the scene. "I closed the conversation with my chatty neighbour, by some commonplace gallantry, and sauntered away to the piano-forte in the next room, where some of the more musical were collected, and accepted the invitation to play a Polonaise by Chopin. When I closed, Miss Mason was standing near me; oh, how beautiful she looked, with her noble face showing her interest in and appreciation of the music!"

"'If Signor Masoni can play the difficult music of Chopin so exquisitely, how superb must be that violin playing which renders his accomplishments upon the piano-forte quite forgotten and unnoticed,' said she."

"I bowed my thanks for the compliment."

"Could not the Signor be induced to break through his rule, and gratify his numerous friends who have never heard him, by giving them the means of judging for themselves how much he excels our other famous virtuosos?" continued she.

"May I adopt what I am told is an American habit, though why I do not know, and reply to Miss Mason's question by asking another? I am told that Miss Mason is a remarkable performer upon this instrument. Please cast your eye upon the company in this suite of rooms, and say whether you would like to make an exhibition of your art in this promiscuous assembly?"

"But you are an artist." Instantly sensible that she had made a false step, she added, "you are a man."

"True; and because I am a *man*, and, I venture to say, an artist from my inmost soul, and because the tones of my violin are the language of that soul, I shrink from holding up any acquirements I may have made, as a mere subject of wonder and astonishment to people who cannot comprehend the language in which I thus speak."

"But I hear of your playing in the large and frivolous assemblies of the head salons."

"True again, I do so. I do it, too, for money. But those are circles in which I neither have nor wish to have a social position. I go thither, perform my part in the programme, and seek in other society that intellectual enjoyment which the man and not the virtuoso craves."

"But—"

"Excuse me a moment longer, Miss Mason. I fear you do not view this matter in its true light. I am a devout admirer of the noble literature of your country, and some of its greatest names in science and letters are familiar to me. I find that they, almost without exception, are in the habit of lecturing in seminaries of learning, or in public promiscuous assemblies, for money. But could you, on this account, in such an assembly as this, request Longfellow the Poet, Emerson the Essayist, or Whitney the Geologist, to mount a temporary rostrum, and give us a specimen of their powers?"

"Certainly not." And with a cold, distant and queen-like bow she left me.

"The next week I received an invitation to a house, whose head was a man of fine musical taste, and which was one of the few where I had consented to break through my rule. My instinct told me that *she* had had the selection of the company, for there was not an upmusical person in the room, and that it was in fact her party collected at Mr. W.'s house, in order to give her an opportunity to invite me to play, which she could not do at home, without a decided breach of good manners.

"After a delightful hour of general social intercourse in the small and select circle present, Miss Mason came to me as I was conversing with Mr. W., and at the first pause addressed me:

"'Signor Masoni, I wish in the presence of our host to ask your pardon for the undervaluation of you as a man, and as an artist, implied in my request the other evening for you to play; I have thought much of what you said, and feel fully how strong in the right you were. You see who the people here this evening are, and I think you cannot refuse to join *me*, in the endeavour to afford them a pleasure, which I hope they may not soon be able to forget.'

"Oh, Brown, with what a smile was that said! I was recognised by her as her equal to the fullest extent."

"Why, Masoni," said I; "Talleyrand or Van Buren could not have shown greater tact!"

"I know nothing as to that, my demeanour towards her was instinctive.

"Indeed, Miss Mason, before a company in which you are willing to exhibit your talents and genius, I certainly can have no scruples."

"The servant was despatched for my instrument, and in the meantime she selected from the heap of music a work which she handed me for my approval.

"It was Beethoven's 'Kreutzer Sonata.'

"We played it. She *did* play like an angel. I never played that piece so before."

The long story of Masoni's gradually growing intimacy with the young lady I pass over. It is the old tale. He had never intimately known any young, beautiful and accomplished woman, and he soon began to *live* only during the hours when he was by her piano-forte. His incognito was perfect. Old Peter, from whom he feared recognition, if from any one, was as humble and obsequious to the great Signor, the violinist who made his pockets richer by many a franc, as to any of the gentlemen who visited at the house. His passion increased almost to delirium. He forgot me, he forgot everything else.

Did she in any degree return his feelings? He *felt* that he possessed a strong influence over her. She certainly loved the artist—did she care for the man?

Let it not be supposed that he ever dared to speak, or in any manner hint, to Miss Mason of the fire which was consuming him. There was that in her manner—ever cordial, kind, polite as it was to him, haughty, proud, and even arrogant as he saw her to others, the plantation girl still—which prevented this. He believed himself becoming as necessary to her as she was to him. He fancied he could read all he wished in the expression of her eyes, and in the effect of his playing upon her, and yet there was a certain coldness in the tones of her voice, when conversing with him, a certain repelling element strangely infused into her cordiality and politeness, which crushed every hope.

Hope! What did he hope? He could not say. He did not know. He thought only of the present moment. The future was a thick darkness, at which he shuddered, but into which he did not seek to penetrate.

Summer came on apace, and the Masons began to talk of a tour in Scotland. Why, as the time approached for their departure, did such a change take place in Miss Sarah? Whence that increasing air of constraint in her intercourse with Masoni? Whence that occasional uncertainty in her performance? that growing preference for the darker and more sad productions of Beethoven? Whence that half melancholy, dreamy mood in which she would sit listening to Masoni's extemporizations? She conversed with him less and less; but when she did speak, the tones of her voice were tenderer, and the repelling influence grew ever weaker. Still he dared not speak—she gave no hint upon which he might speak.

"Three weeks ago," Masoni went on, "I was preparing to go out in the forenoon as usual, when a carriage stopped before the house. It was the Mason's coach, and a moment after old Peter came stumbling up to my door.

"'Massa and Misses' compliments to the Signor, and would be berry happy to know if he has any engagement dis forenoon.'

"'No, Peter, why?'

"'In dat case, here is a note for Massa Signor.'

"Here is the note, Brown:

"'Miss Mason's compliments to Signor Masoni. The rest of the family have gone out for a few hours' ride, and she would be happy to continue her musical studies with the Signor in the meantime, if it be consistent with his other engagements.

"'*Paris, June* 20*th*.'

"There is no occasion for that look, Brown—there is nothing uncommon in the note—she chose to practise when the house was still, and her parents and sister chose to take their drives without her, so that such notes came every week. I have saved this as a relic, for it was the last.

"Our music *would* not go. We turned from Mozart to Beethoven—from the sonatas to the romances, in vain. Even of the 'Kreutzer Sonata' we could make nothing. Her fingers at length left the keys—mine did but mechanically rest upon the strings. We sat long without a word. A flood of joy, an ocean of happiness, too great for speech, overwhelmed me. I felt that all I could ask was mine. All thought of, every consideration in regard to the difference in our positions had been for weeks obliterated. It was as if the world contained but two beings, and we made for each other. And now at this moment, when the gate of Paradise was opened, it was the horrible face of my bosom demon that looked upon me. Ho! ho! pretty well for a nigger!

"I seemed actually to hear the old mockery. I started and turned round to see if any one was there who had uttered the words. I was, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, crushed to the earth. Without the warning of this imaginary (real?) voice, I really believe that in the delirium of my joy I should have broken the silence by speaking of the whirlwind of passion which was sweeping me before it—and—and that it would have been well received. But now I saw in all its fearful extent the awful gulf that separated us. Did I read her heart aright, she could never join her fate to mine until the mystery which surrounded me was cleared up—and what hope had I if that secret was disclosed!

"If I had spoken!

"Yet, I fully believe she awaited and expected it. I could see the effort it cost her, at length, still without turning to me—for she had sat all this time at the piano—to say scarce audibly: 'Play, Signor, I shall not hear you many times more!'

"It was almost impossible, but I obeyed. My feeling soon began to find expression in the tones of my instrument, in all their horror and despair. I never played so before—I never shall again—*I* did not play—it was the demon, and the drops stood upon my cold forehead as I heard the tones. That proud, strong nature at length gave way entirely, and, bowing her head, she wept like a child. I paused. With an effort that agitated her whole frame, she recovered her dignity and composure and made some slight remark, which told me in its tones that the crisis was past, and had passed unimproved—that, were I other than I was, the shock to her haughty nature was one not easily to be forgotten. After some minutes again of silence, during which she fully resumed her self-composure, she turned towards me, and said in a calm voice—it is all engraved upon my memory 'as with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever'—'There is something in your music to-day which I used to hear when I was a girl.'

"I bowed, I could not speak.

"'Oh, ho!' whispered the demon, 'give her the old plantation music, and see if she will recognise it.'

"Let the psychologist explain why and how that allusion to my boyhood for the moment changed the whole current of my feelings—converted for the instant all my love, my despair, into some demoniac feeling of hatred to the beautiful and injured being before me. I saw in her only the young girl who had crushed me, like a nauseous insect, years before—and I did play the old plantation music. I had played but a few moments with my eyes fixed upon hers—I have no doubt filled with the lurid light of the sea of fire within me—and her eyes fastened to mine as if fascinated by a serpent, when an expression of scorn, mingled with humble pride, hopeless love, outraged womanhood, each triumphing in turn, shot in every feature of her face, and filled all her figure with an indescribable majesty, as she rose, and, white as the driven snow, trembling in every limb, just gasped out—

"'Who *are* you?'

"Miss Mason, the scars of the brutal flogging once given to the violinist, whom you used to hear when you were a girl, are upon *my* back, and they smart yet!

"Such a shriek!

"The French servants, who hastened into the room, bore away their senseless mistress, and I went home with the pangs of Erebus in my bosom, but my demon in triumph.

"That evening, a note informed me that the visits of Signor Masoni could no longer be received at the house of Mr. Mason.

"Of course not, and yet before a week had passed I was ringing at the door. I could not refrain. Peter came. The moment he saw me, he assumed all the dignity of an old Roman, and, not waiting for me to speak, said—'Berry sorry to be so imperlite, but Signor Masoni's visits is n't agreeable to the family.'

"But, Peter, for heaven's sake, how is Miss Sarah?"

"'*Berry* sorry to be so imperlite, I say, but I must not have no sort of communication with Signor Masoni. Massa's orders is positive.'

"Oh, Peter, don't you recognise me? Have you forgotten Dick, the plantation fiddler? Do tell me whether Missis is living or dead, and I will never trouble you again. The truth flashed upon Peter's mind, and my Medusa face, as it must have almost been, seemed to turn him into stone. Strange that at that moment I could feel the ridiculous! But the oddity of his bewilderment and the comicality of its external signs excited a smile—the feeling which caused it merely floating upon the resistless torrent of my woe, like a bubble upon the mighty flood of Niagara. His words, when he did speak, are ringing in my ears yet.

"'Young Missis is dying,' and then, after a long look at me, I heard him utter to himself: 'Looks just like his father.'

"My father! my father!—who was he?"

"'Old Massa!'"

Thus closes the manuscript of my late friend. In looking over the daily records of personal events, however, I have found the following entries in relation to the two principal persons of this history.

June 20th, 1851.—In the Parisian correspondence (June 2) of the New York ——, a paper which owes its circulation mainly to the scandalous matter with which it fills its columns, I find, to-day, the following execrable paragraph: "Among the Americans here are Mr. M—— and family, on their way home from Italy. The proud and beautiful daughter, who created such a sensation here last Winter, is but the wreck of what she was. There is a story hinted about of some strange affair with one of her father's niggers."

By heavens! if Masoni sees that, I would not give a dime for the lives of either that rascally correspondent, or the scoundrelly editor.

August 6th, 1852.—Oh why am I chained here to this bed of sickness! For among my letters to-day is one from Wilkins, now in New York, in which this passage occurs:

"Think of it; Masoni has turned up in this city! But he has sunk down, down, down, until he is just keeping soul and body together playing the violin, and drowning memory with liquors in the lowest dance houses! Poor fellow!"

Poor fellow! Poor fellow!

ANNIE LAURIE.

[We give below the words of "Annie Laurie," now the most popular ballad in the British Camp. It was sung by the Second Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, the night prior to the attack on the Great Redan. A correspondent writes: "Hundreds of voices, in the most exact time and harmony, sang together—

"'And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doune and dee.'

"The effect was extraordinary; at least I felt it so. I never heard any chorus in an Oratorio rendered with greater solemnity. The heart of each singer was evidently far over the sea. It was more like a psalm than a ballad; for at such a time, on the eve of a great battle, a soldier only thinks of his love and his God."]

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true;
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw drift;
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

EARLY METHODIST PREACHERS OF THE WEST.

Times's Report of Rev. Mr. Milburne's Lecture.

To my mind, with all due regard to the great divines of New England—to Edwards, and Dwight, and Channing—Francis Asbury is the most notable name in the ecclesiastical history of this Continent. He had the care of all the churches of his order; he travelled for forty years, from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the limits of population in the West and South-West; bore upon his shoulders the weight of the affairs of what is now the most numerous of the Protestant bodies in the country; was instant in season and out of season, warning, and encouraging, and stimulating; and yet his name is not recorded by a single historian of the United States, and many well-read men are not even aware of his existence.

Asbury had some striking peculiarities. Among other things, he was never married. Indeed, like many of the early Methodist pioneers, he was a decided advocate of the celibacy of the clergy. One of the three rules laid down for the guidance of the young preachers was to the effect that they must be "very sparing in their conversation with women." Considering the itinerant life they were to lead, and the scanty amount of their salary—which, in those days, was fixed at a maximum of sixty-four dollars a year, all presents they might receive included—celibacy seemed in a manner forced upon them. Indeed, it was generally understood that, when a young brother was so unfortunate as to link himself with a female companion, he must leave the ranks of the itinerants and "locate"; preaching when he could, but deserving no sustenance from the Church. Asbury himself said that he could form no ties that would interfere with the prosecution of his duties, and he had found no woman who would be content with the society of her husband for but a single week in the year, and if he should find such an one, he would not marry her. Still, he maintained it to be the duty of every man to support a woman; and he, accordingly, devoted a large share of his scanty income to the maintenance of a kinswoman in England; and when she at length died, he bestowed it upon another.

These early Methodist preachers were not learned men. Their libraries not seldom consisted of but two books—the Bible and the Hymn Book; but the contents of these they mastered, as well as the great book of human nature. Far out upon the lonely prairie, where they had passed the night with the earth for a mattress, and the broad sky for a covering, and their saddle for a pillow, when they awoke in the early morning, cold and hungry, their first duty was to read, upon their knees, a few chapters from the little pocket Bible, often bedewing the pages with their tears; and then, commending themselves to the care of their Heavenly Father, they would saddle their horses, and proceed on their solitary way.

Their Hymn Book was their great armory—furnished, they believed, with every needed spiritual weapon. They were, almost to a man, great singers—and this accomplishment often stood them in good stead, as the following anecdote of one of them will show, besides illustrating some other points in their character:

Among the most noted of these early preachers was James—or, as he was usually called, Jimmy Haxley. In 1806 or 1807, he was sent as a missionary to the Attakapas country, in Louisiana, a region chiefly inhabited by French Catholics. He had little comfort to expect from unpaid kindness, and he had no money with which to purchase it. At one time he was reduced to the very verge of starvation. He had passed the previous night in the open swamp. Towards evening, cold, wet and hungry—for he had eaten nothing for thirty-six hours—he reached a plantation. He entered the house, and petitioned for food and lodging. The mistress of the house, a widow, with sundry daughters and several negro children playing about, recognised his calling, and refused his request. "She would have no such cattle about her." The most that he could gain was permission to warm himself by the fire, before he set out into the cold and darkness. As he sat warming himself, he thought of his sad plight, and of his empty stomach. He thought of another night in the swamp. He thought that it might be his last night upon earth. He thought of the dark, rolling river, and of the Celestial City beyond. His heart swelled with gladness, and his emotion found vent in one of his favourite hymns:

"Peace, my soul; thou need'st not fear,
The Great Provider still is near."

He sang the whole hymn, then another, and still another. Looking round at the close, he saw mother and daughters, and negroes, all in tears. "Here, Sally, get the preacher a good supper; and Pete, you put up his horse; he shall stay a week if he pleases," said the widow. So Jimmy paid for his supper with a song.

Many years after, Father Haxley attended the General Conference at Baltimore, and on Sunday was appointed to preach at the oldest church. He rose and "lined" the first verse of the hymn. When the choir rose to sing, all the audience turned round to them, presenting their backs to the preacher. Jimmy was astounded. He had never seen such a proceeding, and it appeared to him a breach of good manners, that deserved rebuke. When he was about to give out the second stanzas, the audience turned round again to him; and then again faced the choir as they sang. The preacher, thereupon, turned his own back to them. He heard them turning back to hear the "lining" of the next stanza. Still he kept his back toward them. "Do you think this looks well?" he at length asked. "Is this good manners? And yet my back looks as well as any of yours." From that day to the present, that congregation has never again turned their backs to the preacher during singing.

At another General Conference, a fierce, I might say a *hot*, discussion arose upon some point of discipline. At the close of the session, the Bishop requested Father Haxley, who had taken no part in the discussion, to lead their devotions, which he proceeded to do, as follows:

"Now, O Lord, thou knowest what a time we have had, discussing and arguing about this question of Elders. Thou knowest what our feelings are—that we do not care what becomes of the team: it is only who shall drive the oxen."

He preached among a people who were all sharpshooters, and he had learned how to hit the nail on the head, when he had occasion to administer a rebuke.

These old preachers—even though residing in slave States—were usually anti-slavery men; and they had the pluck to express their sentiments where the system existed. I honour them for it, said Mr. M. If a man is an anti-slavery man, let him dare avow it among slaveholders, and take the consequences. Thus did a famous old Tennessee preacher, Father Craven, preaching once in the heart of Virginia, rebuke what he deemed the sins of the people:

"Here," said he, "are a great many professors of religion, sleek and good-looking. Yet you are not the thing you ought to be. You know a bushel of wheat ought to weigh sixty or sixty-four pounds; but you sometimes see wheat with round plump kernels, and, when you come to weigh it, it's only forty-five pounds. You know there is something the matter with the wheat. You take a grain of it between your thumb and finger, and squeeze it, and out pops a weevil. Now, some of you good-looking Christians only weigh forty-five pounds to the bushel instead of sixty-four, as you ought. Squeeze you between the thumb of the Law and the finger of the Gospel, and out will pop a whiskey-bottle and a woolly-head."

And now, said the lecturer, there is an old friend of mine, now living in Illinois, my first "Presiding Elder," Peter Cartwright, of whom I must relate an anecdote which illustrates several peculiarities of the class to which he belonged, and of some of their experiences among the rude border people.

When the State of Illinois was admitted into the Union, it was as a free State. Not long after, the question was largely discussed whether the Constitution of the State should not be so amended as to permit slavery. Cartwright, who then resided in Tennessee, was a strong opponent of slavery, and determined to remove to Illinois to take part in the settlement of the question. So he was appointed "Presiding Elder" over a district about as large as England. He kept his appointments, and after preaching on Sunday was wont to announce on Monday that he would deliver a stump speech. He soon became regarded as a politician, and no little anger was excited against him. One day, coming to a ferry across the river, where he was not personally known, he heard the ferryman holding forth to a crowd in bitter terms against that old renegade, prefixing sundry emphatic expletives to that flattering term, Pete Cartwright, declaring that he would drown him if he ever came that way. After awhile, Peter engaged the ferryman to put him over. They were alone in the boat; and when they had reached the centre of the stream, in full sight of the shore, the preacher, throwing the bridle of his horse over a post, ordered the ferryman to put down his pole.

"What is the matter?" asked the ferryman.

"You have just been making free with my name, and threatening to drown me in the river. I want to give you a chance to do so."

"You are Pete Cartwright, are you?"

"My name is Peter Cartwright," replied the preacher.

The ferryman, nothing loath, laid down his pole, and the contest began. The preacher proved the better man, and, seizing his antagonist by the nape of the neck and the seat of his nether garments, plunged him three times under the water, with the words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Devil, whose child thou art." Then, holding his head out of the water, he asked,

"Did you ever pray?"

"No," was the reply.

"Then it is time you should. I will teach you. Do you repeat after me, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.'"

The ferryman refused; and down went his head under water, and there it was held long enough, as Peter thought, to conquer his reluctance. He raised him up, and repeated his demand.

"Let me breathe," gasped the ferryman. "Give me a few minutes to think about it."

"Not a moment." And under went his head again.

The inquiry was again put, when the ferryman's head was next raised, "Will you pray now?"

"Yes, I'll do anything," and the fellow obediently repeated the Lord's Prayer, after the dictation of Cartwright. "Now let me up," he added.

"No, not yet," replied the inexorable Peter. "You must make me three promises before I let you up: First, you must promise to pray every night and morning as long as you live; then you must promise to put every Methodist preacher who comes along over the river for nothing; and, lastly, you must promise hereafter to attend every meeting of the Methodists held within four miles of you."

The whole transaction took place in full view of the ferryman's comrades on the shore, but the intervening river insured "fair play," and the ferryman felt himself in Cartwright's hands. He promised faithfully to do all that was demanded of him. The transit across the river was finished; the preacher went on his way; the ferryman kept his word, and in course of time was converted, and became a shining light in the church.

Earnest men, concluded the reverend gentleman, were these old preachers. Their souls were firmly convinced of the truth of what they had to say. They may have been deficient in the niceties of their calling, though it is wonderful how they improved in this respect. "We all tell each other all we know," said one, in answer to a question put how it happened that the young preachers grew up to be such strong men. They had their faults, it is true; still, among them were found some of the noblest examples of self-sacrificing labour, and some of the brightest instances of ministerial usefulness that this country, or any other, has ever furnished.

MUSIC IN ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.

From Chappell's Collection of Ancient English Melodies.

That music was formerly much more cultivated in England than now, as well as much more common as an amusement with the lower classes, is a fact of which the most abundant proof can be adduced. From Chaucer's *Tale of the Prioress*, it appears that, in the fourteenth century, "to singen" was as much an established branch of the education of "small children" as "to rede"; and Sir John Hawkins (vol. ii. p. 260), speaking of the religious houses, says that, besides being schools of learning and education, all the neighbours might have their children instructed in grammar and music, without any expense. Gayton, in his "Festivious Notes upon Don Quixotte," 4to. 1654, enumerates, with others, *barbers, coblers* and *ploughmen*, as "the *heires of music*"; and the following extract from "Orders appointed to be executed in the Cittie of London, for setting roges and idle persons to worke, and for releefe of the poore," proves not only that music was taught in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, but that it was considered an almost necessary qualification for servants, apprentices or husbandmen. 66th (the last) Order: "That the preachers be moved at the sermons at the crosse, and other convenient times, and that other good notorious meanes be used, to require both citizens, artificers and other, and also all farmers and other for husbandry, and gentlemen and other for their kitchins and other services, to take servants and children both out of Bridewell and Christ's Hospital at their pleasure," &c., "with further declaration that many of them be of toward qualities in readyng, wryting, grammer and *musike*." One of the earliest songs in the English language is on the difficulty of learning music; and when minstrelsy had decayed, every event, however trifling, became instantly the subject of a ballad: "In a word, scarce a cat can looke out of a gutter, but out starts a halfpenny chronicler, and presently *a propper new ballet of a new sight* is endited."

None could pretend to the character of a gentleman who was unable to sing a song, or take his part in a glee, catch or madrigal. Morley thus quaintly mentions it in his Introduction, 1597: "But supper being ended, and musicke bookes, according to custom, being brought to the table, the mistresse of the house presented me with a parte, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfainedly that I could not, every one began to wonder, yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up: so that upon shame of my ignorance, I goe now to seeke out mine old friend, master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholler." Every barber's shop had its lute or cittern, for the amusement of waiting customers, instead of a newspaper, as at present; and Sir Richard Steele mentions the custom as still prevailing in his time: "To this day the barber is still the same; go into a barber's anywhere, no matter in what district, and it is ten to one you will hear the sounds either of a fiddle or a guitar, or see the instruments hanging up somewhere." The barber in Lyly's *Midas* (1592) says to his apprentice: "Thou knowest I have taught thee knacking of the hands, like the tuning of a cittern"; and Morley, in the third part of his Introduction, says: "Nay, you sing you know not what; it should seem you came latelie from a barber's shop, where you had *Gregory Walker*, or a *curranta*, plaide in the new proportions of them lately found out." And in a marginal note upon *Gregory Walker*, he says: "That name in derision they have given this *Quadrant Pavan*, because it walketh mongst the barbers and fidlers more common than any other." In "The Trimming of Thomas Nashe," 1597, speaking in praise of barbers, the author says: "If idle, they passe their time in life-delighting musique." And among the woodcuts in Burton's *Winter Evening's Entertainments*, in 1687, is one representing the interior of a barber's shop, with a person waiting his turn, and amusing himself in the interim by playing on the lute; and on the other side of the shop hangs another instrument, of the lute or cittern kind. In Ben Johnson's *Silent Women*, act iii., scene 5, *Morose* cries out: "That cursed barber! I have married his cittern, that is common to all men"; which one of the commentators, not understanding, altered into, "I have married his *cistern*," &c. Again, *Lord Falkland's Wedding Night*:

——"He has travell'd, and speaks languages
As a barber's bo